

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. LXVIII.—No. 1755.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1930.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.
[POSTAGES: INLAND 2d., CANADA 1½d., ABROAD 4d.



Bertram Park.

THE HON. BRONWEN SCOTT-ELLIS.

43, Dover Street, W.1.

COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN
COUNTRY LIFE AND COUNTRY PURSUITS

OFFICES: 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN, W.C.2.

Telegrams: "COUNTRY LIFE," LONDON; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7351.

Advertisements: 8-11, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, W.C.2; Tele. No.: TEMPLE BAR 7760.

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EDITORIAL NOTICE

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The English Inn

AT this time of year, when so many of us are moving about the country either by motor or by train, it is unnecessary to make excuses for returning to the all-important subject of the English inn. For a month past a very large proportion of the population and a great number of foreign visitors have been staying for longer or shorter periods in inns, or places very much like them, places where beds and food and refreshment are provided for travellers or for guests. Complaints are very common among our foreign visitors and among certain of ourselves that, as a rule, neither food nor refreshment is such as they desire, nor is it the fare to which they are accustomed. Now, this is a difficult problem, going down to the roots not only of our social system, but of the national economy. In a country like Switzerland a cleanly and orderly people will not tolerate anything less than complete cleanliness and orderliness in its inns. In France a hard-working and frugal people which knows how to live well and enjoy life and which has evolved the most economical *cuisine* in the world, a people which loves the wines it grows for their own sake and not for the spirit they contain, such a people refuses to be fobbed off with second-rate

and ill-prepared food or with wines which, however rough, are anything but genuine. What, then, is the difference in England? Are we, as a people, becoming, or have we already become, incapable of appreciating the comforts of a well run hotel and the benefits which we derive from good food and good drink? For be sure that every nation has the inns it deserves and that the inn is an index to the nation's mind.

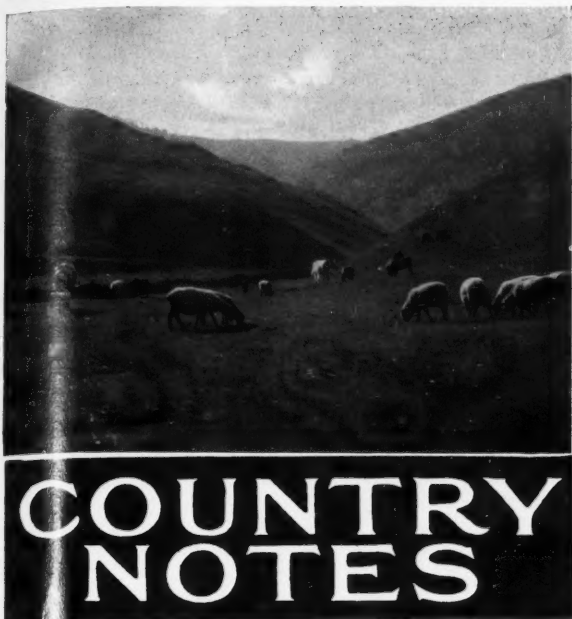
What, then, do we find as we travel about England or stay in its country towns and villages? To begin with, we find in many places a vastly improved hotel from the point of comfort and accommodation compared with those of twenty or thirty years ago. This, indeed, was inevitable in days when so many people have begun once more to circulate by road. But it is to be feared that the commissariat has not improved along with the accommodation. To-day, in a little Devon country town whose very name conjures up memories of frumenty, of rosy-cheeked apples and purple plums from the orchard, of home-bred beef, of home-baked bread and junket, and farm butter and clotted cream, one will be offered foreign mutton, tinned apricots and an unappetising custard, and this at a time when our fruit-growers are complaining bitterly that their fruit must rot in the orchards because they cannot get an economic price for it and our farmers find it next to impossible to make both ends meet!

The only explanation can be that a very large part of our travelling public does not really care what it eats and drinks and is prepared to put up with anything that is put before it. From a point of national health and national economy, this is obviously wrong. Good food and fresh food and good drink are far better for the health than preserved meats and tinned fruits and synthetic foods. And the produce of the English farmer—his meat, his butter and cheese and cream, his fruit and his vegetables—are the best in the world. Why, then, should not our inns and hotels definitely set before them the ideal of selling only British food, and as far as possible that of selling only locally grown food? The effect would be great. Not only would such a movement greatly increase the local market for the farmer's produce, but its educational value would be out of all proportion to its immediate effect. For the greatest advantage of eating good and wholesome food is that one wants to eat more of it, and one is no longer satisfied with inferior substitutes. And in the opinion of a good many people who should know of these things, it is only such education that the public requires. Foreign meat and fruit and vegetables are bought partly because they are slightly cheaper than the English produce and partly because they are put upon the market in a form which it is easier for the consumer to handle. But as soon as the housewife begins to realise once more that the difference in price is vastly more than compensated by the difference in food value, in palatableness and in everything that matters to the health, she will undoubtedly begin to buy again the home-grown food that was the staple diet of her parents and grandparents, and will be content with nothing inferior. This will mean a great change for the British producer. The farmer has seen a great deal done recently in the way of helping him to market his products. But the natural corollary of the National Mark system is an educational campaign which will convince the consumer of the superior virtues of home-grown produce. And here is the practical opportunity for such a campaign, an opportunity not only for the individual hotel-keeper or manager, but particularly for those large syndicates and brewing firms which control so many houses and which have already shown their anxiety to improve their property so as to benefit the public.

Our Frontispiece

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of the Hon. Bronwen Scott-Ellis, who is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden.

** It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted, except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.



COUNTRY NOTES

THE vagaries of our English climate were never better illustrated than by the weather of the past fortnight. The intermittently rainy period of St. Swithin was succeeded by severe and general thunderstorms and then by a "heat wave." Fortunately for our farmers, the harm done by one set of conditions was, in this case, almost compensated by the good done by the other. The storms delayed both cutting and carting. Sheaves were soaked and whole fields of uncarted corn had to be overhauled before drying. Standing crops suffered even more severely. And then suddenly there came the change from continuously broken weather of the most dismal kind to clear skies and golden sunshine, sunshine which made possible once more a harvest-home of the good old-fashioned kind. Unfortunately, the farmer who watches with well-justified pride his level crops of ripened corn being cut and carted to the homestead knows to-day that his feelings will be far less comfortable when he comes to put his produce on the market.

THERE is a charming flavour of Thomas Love Peacock about the last testament of Professor H. H. Turner, who occupied for so many years the Savilian Chair of Astronomy at Oxford and who has died so suddenly and tragically at Stockholm. Others, of course, have desired before that their friends should pay them tribute by draining to their memory a beaker of the wine they loved best.

And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

So wrote Omar Khayyám long ago, or so Edward Fitzgerald made him write; and the late W. P. Ker, that most human and delightful of the sons of Oxford, though he died even more suddenly than Turner and had said nothing explicit of the matter, has been many times honoured since his death by the drinking of a bumper of his favourite burgundy. Professor Turner's choice of an aged ale to celebrate his memory may well be some reflection of the north country ancestry from whom he derived his quite remarkable vigour and energy. Of him it might truthfully be said, as he himself said of another great astronomer years ago, that his rule in life was always "travailler comme si on devait vivre éternellement, et se hâter comme si on ne devait pas avoir de lendemain."

NOW that the month once more has an "r" in it, we are all regretting, as usual, that the best of its bounties are so extremely scarce and, consequently, extremely dear at the beginning of the season. Partridge shooting has ostensibly begun, as we know, but driving partridges is still next to impossible, though where the corn is in, one can walk up and, with experience and a little luck, select old birds. These may do for ourselves to go on with,

but they obviously will not satisfy more than a few of our friends. As for oysters, September never seems to open now without a chorus of lamentation from the oyster vendors, who weep like anything to see the demand outrun the supply. With sobs and tears they diligently sort out a coin of the largest size and add it to the price. The unfortunate thing is that any poor mortal who likes the oyster generally likes him very much.

He longs to lay him down upon those shelly beds, and stuff.
He has often eaten oysters but has never had enough.

And when oysters cost ninepence apiece it is difficult to imagine how he ever will.

THE ill-judged proposal to use Lambourn Downs as a bombing ground would probably not have been made had the Report of the Berkshire Regional "Town" Planning Committee been published two months ago. It very rightly proposes that the whole length of the downs westward from Streatley should be permanently maintained as a national reserve similar to Yellowstone Park. In none of these reports on regional planning has the statutory use of the word "town" appeared more of a misnomer, for Berkshire is among the most rural of shires, and the Report states that no less than 70 per cent. of the county must be expected to remain permanent open space. One reason for this fortunate characteristic is the lack of water on the chalk tableland, and, since the problem of water supply will become acute as the region's population increases, the Report suggests that the whole of the Vale of White Horse should be reserved as a rain catchment area. An increase is advocated of woodlands—which have already expanded to the extent of 8,000 acres in twenty-five years—and, on general principles, the encouragement of farming. But that, alas! is beyond the power of the most idealistic town planner.

TEA AT THE VICARAGE.

You never had much sense of shame, you know,
In graceful form you took your graceless way,
And yet I hardly thought to see you go
Across this sacred room in open day.

Oh insolent cool voice and restless face,
That neither hour nor reason could control,
It's time that you were quiet and kept your place,
And left me to the silence of my soul.

There should be peace at last now you are dead,
(And no one ever talks of you, my dear)
And they've forgotten all you did and said,
And I've forgotten pity, wrath and fear.

And that grey goose I've seen you shudder at
Wanders above your body as she will,
And there's the coffin and the tombstone that,
If death prove helpless, yet should hold you still.

Indeed, I dared not hope you'd let me be,
Only I thought that being dead you'd keep
The ghostly hours, and come a ghost to me,
In shadowy trouble through the times of sleep.

But no, not you. With fiery head held high,
Insulting day, among the crowd you move,
Giving me half a glance as you go by,
To see if I still watch and disapprove.

M. R. BETTS.

MUSICIANS in general must have read with surprise Sir Hamilton Harty's outburst against the B.B.C. It is no doubt true that music on the wireless is a different thing from music in the concert hall. But the enormous increase in the audiences at the Queen's Hall "Proms." since the B.B.C. took them over is sufficient alone to prove how broadcasting has awakened thousands of people to a love of good music. Sir Hamilton Harty's complaint, stated in less intemperate terms than he employed, is that the B.B.C. is developing into a subsidised concert-giving organisation which competes unfairly with private enterprise. By offering higher salaries and guaranteed employment it has attracted the best musicians and

conductors into its service. If, from one point of view, it has tended to "crush and imperil private enterprise," it has done so by raising the level of performance to a standard higher than private enterprise in this country has hitherto been able to afford. But, actually, the B.B.C. has also done much to support private enterprise. The Hallé Orchestra—which Sir Hamilton Harty himself conducts, and for which it might be supposed he is rightly solicitous—has been a beneficiary to the extent of £1,000, and promenade concerts have been organised and financed in the north of England, and, besides the assistance given to the Liverpool and Leeds orchestras, the National Orchestra of Wales has been formed, financed and maintained by the B.B.C. If the B.B.C. concerts are good and successful, so much the better for music, and, in the long run, so much the better for all musicians.

IN retrospect, it sometimes seems that the notables of the universities in the old days had more marked idiosyncrasies than are to be observed to-day. Where, one may ask himself, are to be seen in Oxford characters like Jowett or Thomas Wharton, or such as Gilray and Rowlands as portrayed? Yet, actually, the universities stoutly resist the standardising tendencies of the age, and the past produced no more remarkable characters than the late Sir Herbert Warren, or the Rev. Dr. Spooner, late warden of New College, whose death will be sincerely regretted by thousands who never encountered him in the flesh. Spooner will be remembered at Oxford principally for his long wardenship, during which New College was changed from being a small exclusive society into the largest college in the university. He was an exceptionally able administrator and tutor, and a delightful conversationalist, kindly and witty. It was his eager tongue that used to betray him into the occasional lapses for which his name has become descriptive throughout the English speaking world. "Kinkering Congs" is one of his few authentic inversions, but his weak eyesight used sometimes to lead him into misreading his lectures with no less laughable results—laughter in which he was the first to join. A friend remembers hearing him, many years ago, declaim: "In his hopes of the Sicilian expedition, Alcibiades was mishid . . . no, mizzled . . . Alcibiades was *mised*."

A GREAT change will befall one of the best remembered corners of London when the buildings in that triangle formed by the east side of Trafalgar Square, Duncannon Street, and Charing Cross are demolished at the falling in of their lease. The future of the site must—or, at any rate, should—depend upon what solution of the Charing Cross Bridge problem is reached. But, whatever that be, it is imperative that the building erected on the Trafalgar Square frontage should be designed in relation to its neighbours. When the Canadian Government bought the Union Club, Mr. Septimus Warwick very skilfully converted the whole west side into a unity which harmonised with the South African High Commissioner's stucco building opposite, now to disappear. The courtesy should be repeated. The triangle also contains one of London's historic inns, though the original Golden Cross, from which scores of coaches used to start, actually stood on land now thrown into Trafalgar Square. A praiseworthy desire to brighten London has led someone to express the hope that the Square may now be laid out with flower beds. This object would be better achieved by using part of this great site for a real and true café where one could sit after the theatre, overlooking Nelson's lions and the cool, plashing fountains.

A QUESTION of great importance is raised by the proposal to apply the provisions of the Government's Agricultural Marketing Bill to the marketing of eggs. The comparative failure of the National Mark packing stations during the past year has, no doubt, been due to the voluntary nature of the present scheme. Producers have, in many cases, shirked their obligations and have used the freedom permitted by the voluntary scheme to help the

dealers to undermine it. In districts where packing stations have been closed independent dealers have soon found it possible to control prices to their own satisfaction, and if the stations are not properly supported and others close down, the producers will find themselves more and more in the hands of these people. The price of eggs to the consumer generally suggests that the producer is making a very good thing out of his produce. But, as a matter of fact, it is the dealers and distributors who take for themselves a remuneration out of all proportion to the services they render. So long as the scheme remains voluntary and any considerable number of producers are willing to sacrifice loyalty to gain, so long will the dealers be able to keep this state of things in existence. Organised marketing is impossible unless the market is properly controlled.

AS the summer, technically, wanes, but in reality reaches its climax, so the Englishman's enthusiasm for athletic prowess has to be curtailed. The great battles are over for us, but in various parts of the world the fortunes of our favourites can yet be followed. Some well-earned successes are falling to our Lawn Tennis experts. Miss Betty Nuthall, in particular, is doing wonders in the United States, but was unlucky to lose in the semi-finals of the Mixed Doubles at Brookline, when partnered by G. M. Lott. In Germany our stars were decidedly in the ascendant when the International Club of Great Britain met the Red and White Club of Berlin, and walked off with five out of six matches. P. D. B. Spence beat H. Kleinschroth after a great game, and H. W. Austin wore down D. Prenn. In combination in the Doubles, Spence and Austin made mincemeat of their opponents, but were deprived of a victory over Kleinschroth and Prenn by the failing light.

THE SHELTER.

Shorn are the meadows where I lie,
Yet lingers still the scent of hay;
And dreamily the clouds drift by,
Such little clouds in the arched sky
That folds our earthly house to-day.

Thatched are the new-made ricks and grey,
They dwarf the farmstead where they stand.
Like sentinels on guard do they
Keep watch by night, keep watch by day
Against what countless years beyond!

Peace, in a sheltered nook so still;
Life's moment-day of toil and grace,
For little man to work his will
Of little needs to take his fill—
And then eternity—and space.

A. E. LLOYD MAUNSELL.

WHATEVER the advantages of high buildings in America, a conference of the Royal Institute of British Architects, the London Society, and the Town Planning Institute has pronounced emphatically against their encouragement here. The existing regulations, which allow a maximum height of 80ft. sheer, with two storeys in the roof, have, on the whole, had the opposite effect to what was intended, by causing all landlords to feel compelled to re-build to the maximum height allowed, irrespective of the traffic capacities of the streets or of the light shut out from adjoining properties. The report advocates that the maximum height should be restricted to certain zones, conditional upon the width, or widening, of the roads, and be prohibited altogether in the neighbourhood of historic buildings which would be dwarfed by high buildings and undermined by deep foundations. The unexpected view is also taken that the mere fact that a building overlooks a park or square should not justify any special increase in height. On the contrary, the benefits of light and air hitherto enjoyed by adjoining sites over the top of low frontage buildings should constitute no valid reason for specially raising the height of new buildings overlooking an open space. Incidentally it would be just as injurious to dwarf Hyde Park as St. Paul's Cathedral by means of a range of sky-scrapers.

A GREAT OCCASION



THE VERY BEGINNING.

STRONG sunshine, the smell of trampled grass—grass that, in spite of August, is lush and green with recent rain—children of all ages and in all sorts of riding kit, chattering like a flight of swallows, busy about the ponies which are tied in a line to the fence at the side of the field nearest the shady cart track, and, underneath all other sounds, like a running accompaniment, the squeak of saddle leather and the jingle of bits.

This Pony Show is the fourth meeting of the Groombridge Pony Club—a great occasion. There are seven events, and the Club's President, Major G. Larnach Nevill, M.F.H., with Captain Eden Wallace, is judging them; and the fact that the first of the seven is for "Best turned out pony and saddlery: work to be done entirely by the rider" explains why, here, by the railings, during the wait before they move off into the ring, dandy brushes

and cloths and that effective application of the human breath by which grooms get so much polish are the order of the day. It explains, too, why, when ponies begin to pass out of the meadow and across the cart track into the big field where the "Grand Stand" is marked out by ropes and boasts quite an appreciable proportion of shade, some people—who have been too deeply absorbed—are left behind and a little inclined to get flustered.

"Where's my stick, daddy?"

"I should take off his halter."

"Ah, there it is. . . . Oo—oo! I'd forgotten the girths!"

But in action the Club members betray little of the uncertainty that their exclamations might suggest. Girths are tightened, bridles slipped on, mounting seems to come easily to them all, and the last, with two blue bows bobbing against her shoulders, has very soon trotted across and taken her place in the line.



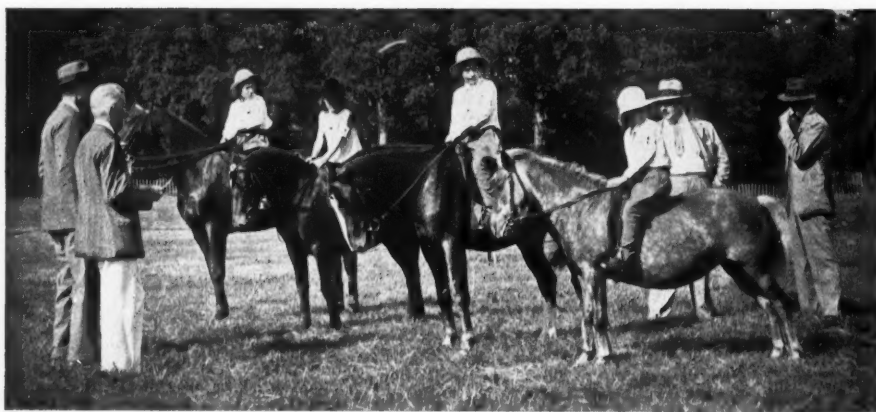
W. Selfe.

BREATHLESS PREPARATIONS.

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"BEST TURNED OUT PONY AND SADDLERY."



"EIGHT YEARS AND UNDER."



"JUMPING COMPETITION."



W. Selfe.

"MUSICAL CHAIRS."

Copyright.

The spectators settle themselves in the Grand Stand and the judging begins; very patient and painstaking judging; the suppleness of a pair of reins, the state of a buckle inspected with a specialist's eye; and where a word of advice is given it is listened to with breathless interest. Even we in the shady corner behind the ropes can see that. And we are not surprised; after all, Masters of Foxhounds are men of importance even in these democratic days, because they know their job, and when you think that the Master of the Eridge Hunt has promised the Club a children's meet next season, and reflect on the overwhelming importance of having remembered all he has ever said and showing him that rider and pony—but probably that phrase should be inverted—are "useful," nobody could be surprised about their earnestness.

The ring-master supplements the judge's advice with a "tip" here and there, and though Captain Sprague's task is a hard one, it is marvellously less so than it might be, for these young people are taking their work so seriously. Here is a workmanlike little lady who rides in gloves, an immaculate person in beige jodhpurs, a couple of little sisters charming in velvet jockey caps; and there are boys in every form of riding gear that is possible for them; but one and all are intent and earnest and "game." June and Richard, Nichole, Hazel, Cherry Rosemary, David, Sheila, little Michael perched high on tall Redwing—in proportion smaller than the jockey of a Derby winner—their names fly from lip to lip among the watchers, for everybody knows everybody—and their mounts—here!

We in the Grand Stand look across at you in the sunshine and wonder no longer at the confident bearing and capable horsemanship which the "best rider eight years and under" is displaying, though we still do wonder a little—but even more in the older and larger class between eight and twelve years of age—how the judges ever manage to arrive at their decisions. One event, that for "best pony: marks for points, also general handiness and suitability as child's mount," has indeed to be cut into two at the judges' request, and a double supply of rosettes—the extremely satisfactory form taken by the prizes—to be handed out. To the mere watcher, this piece of judging, even when "the event" has duplicated itself, seems nearly a miracle. How could we choose, ourselves, between Simon—from Simonsbath, with his lovely head, a bay with black points set off by scarlet girth and browband, and a young rider who before long is decked with scarlet rosettes to match—and Ptarmigan, a clever-looking grey pony who suggests the hunting field at a glance; or, at the far end of the line, the little dappled mouse-coloured mount, a "real pony," if there ever was one, of the tiniest rider of all? There they stand, grey, bay, roan, sleek sides shining in the sun, saddles gleaming, each rider at the head of his or her mount, their wise faces under bright browbands—this is our form of dressing up, apparently—red and blue and green and yellow, turned towards the Grand Stand, and we feel that to choose among them either rider or mount as "best" would be a task beyond us.

Of course, there are less satisfactory moments, as, for instance,

when Beauty, whose red tail-ribbon suggests that she must be to blame, is suddenly attacked, between events, in the Grand Stand—it is that kind of grand stand—by Moonbeam, who is of impeccable reputation. (But as an artist had “discovered” Beauty and was making a sketch of her at the moment, the whole incident may have been nothing but a little jealous outburst, very natural on a hot day.) Again, as when a big chestnut four year old—perhaps as a protest against the cornet-player’s efforts—insisted, for all a small, plucky rider could do, on running out from musical chairs; or when the ponies who took the double jump almost unanimously decided to stay penned up between the two fences instead of clearing the second. The Groombridge Pony Club is lucky, since its Show could take place in

the fields of a famous old country house, Groombridge Place, whose owner, Mr. H. S. Mountain, is the father of Mrs. Bromley, to whom the Club owes its inception. As for the children’s enjoyment, that may be gauged from the remarks of a lady member recently—we did not ask her age, but understand it is under seven years—“I began to hunt when I was four and hunted till I was six, and now I have joined the Pony Club I am going to hunt again.”

For the rest, for the practical result which accrues from all this enjoyment, quite apart from the self-reliance and courage and good feeling which it creates, Major Larnach Nevill may be quoted: “They are so good already. . . . I don’t know what the hunting field will be by and by.” BRENDA E. SPENDER.

ENGLAND AT MEADOW BROOK

UNLESS a change in the dates has to be made at the eleventh hour, the English and American polo teams will line out on Saturday in the first of this year’s contests for the International Cup. The second match will be played next Wednesday; and should a third game be necessary to decide the rubber, it will take place next Saturday.

If polo enthusiasts in England are inclined to take a pessimistic view of our prospects of success, who can wonder? This is the fourth attempt we have made to regain the trophy since Major F. W. Barrett’s team proved successful at Meadow Brook only a month or two before the outbreak of the Great War. It would be foolish to claim that we are as well off for brilliant players as we were prior to that date. For various reasons Army polo has declined in strength in England. Civilian polo still flourishes here, but in recent seasons it has produced singularly few men worthy of comparison with the giants who have dropped out of the game.

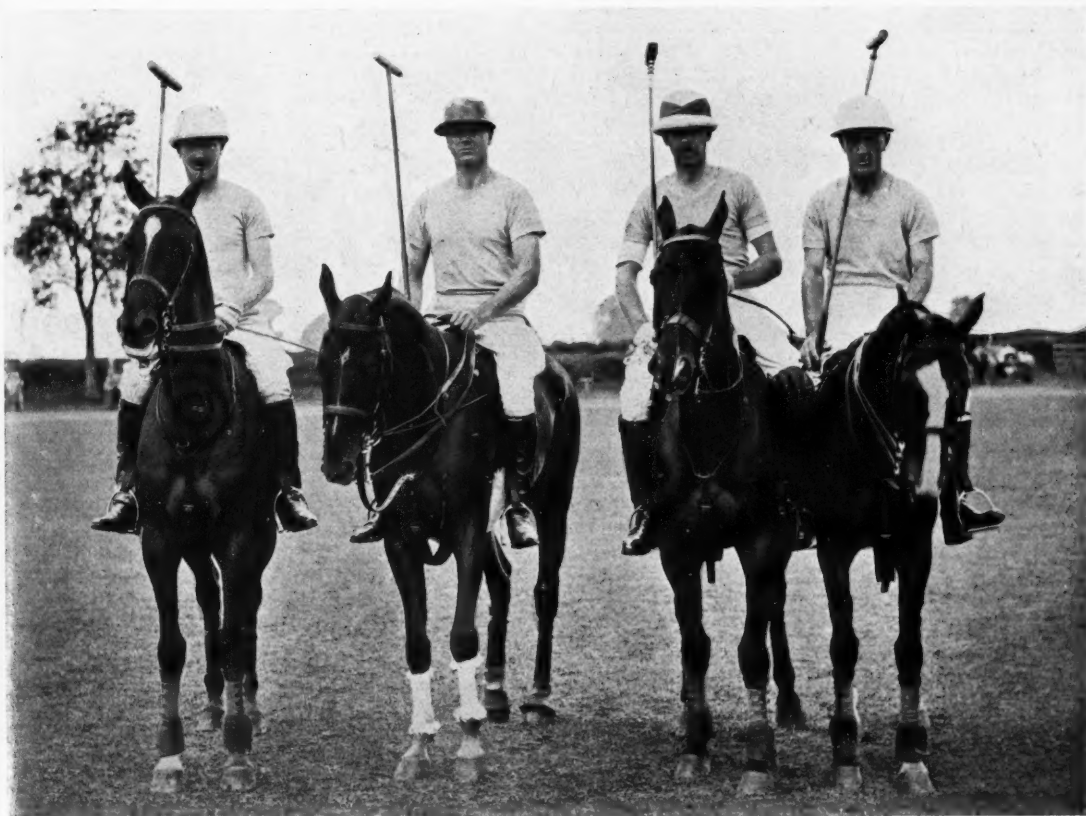
Our experiences in International polo since 1914 have been lamentable. In the two matches played in 1921 at Hurlingham the Americans scored 21 goals against 10. Three years later they ran up a total of 30 goals in two games, whereas our men scored only 9. In 1927 the Army in India team, representing the Empire at the headquarters of American polo, secured 8 goals in the two matches as against 21 scored by the home team. It follows, therefore, that a sharp reversal of recent form must occur if the challenging side is to come out on top this month. Still, England’s team will include some promising new blood, and we are hoping for the best.

Our present adventure appears to have been as well organised as any which has preceded it, and, on the whole, the task of building up the side has proceeded with less than the usual amount of fuss. One little breeze sprang up while the players were gathered at the Beaufort Polo Club in July, but that quickly passed. There have never been more than seven players actually in the running

for the team this year, and from these the side will be definitely selected just before the first match. It must be confessed that the series of trial games before the players left these shores were disappointing. The only players who maintained their form consistently in those matches were Mr. Gerald Balding and Mr. Lewis Lacey.

A great deal of disappointment was caused by the failure of Captain Roark to do himself justice in the summer matches on the Beaufort grounds. The only consolation to be gained from his comparative mediocrity there is that we know he can do infinitely better when he is on his game. From the early days of the season Mr. Balding and Captain Roark, at Nos. 2 and 3 respectively, were assured of their places in the ultimate International side. They have played regularly in those positions in the Hurricanes’ team, thus acquiring confidence in and knowledge of each other’s methods. The experiment of trying Mr. Lacey at No. 1 did not last long. He showed himself to be considerably more useful in his accustomed position of back than he was in the front line of attack. This point having been settled, it remained to choose a No. 1 for the team. Here the selection rested between Mr. Aidan Roark and Captain Richard George, and the last few games in England seemed to suggest that the latter possessed the stronger claims to the position. Spare men of the team are Captain Charles Tremayne and Mr. Humphrey Guinness. To the former falls the responsible duty of making the final selection of the side, a task which is not made easier by the fact that, unless Captain Roark advances considerably on his Beaufort form, the question of Captain Tremayne’s own eligibility for the team will have to be carefully considered.

Inevitably the effectiveness of the England team will depend on the ponies. Captain Maurice Kingscote has done splendid work in getting together a stud of more than forty for these matches. In addition, Mr. Lacey, Mr. Balding, Captain Tremayne and Mr. Guinness have a number of ponies of their own; while Captain W. S. McCreery has lent three to the team, and Major Rex Benson



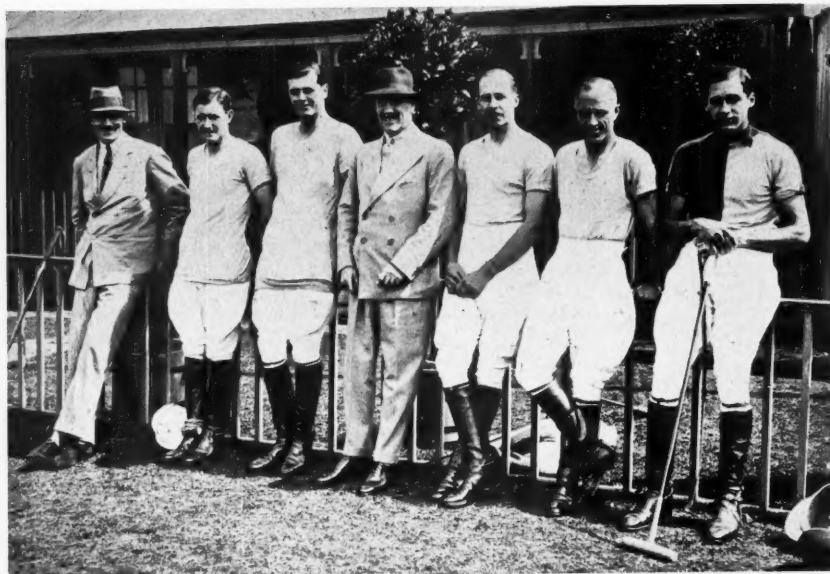
ENGLISH POLO TEAM.

Capt. R. George, Mr. G. Balding, Capt. C. T. I. Roark and Mr. L. Lacey.

has sent out six others. No fewer than seventy-five ponies arrived on Long Island from England on August 11th, so in point of numbers the challengers have an adequate supply of mounts.

The question with which we are chiefly concerned is whether this big stud will include sufficient really first-class ponies to equal the resources which the United States enjoys in this direction. In each match the English players will scarcely be in need of more than twenty-four ponies, but these will have to be extraordinarily good if they are to hold their own against the brilliant ponies—many of them bred in England, Ireland and the Argentine—which the defending side has at its command.

The Americans have not been without their team-building problems, and the selection of their International side has been deferred as long as possible. It was, however, fairly obvious from the outset that the team would not differ widely from the side which defeated the Argentine at Meadow



ENGLAND'S SEVEN "POSSIBLES."

an alternative choice at No. 1. This year the United States Polo Association adopted the method of inspiring a large number of players with the hope that International honours might come their way.

But Mr. Hitchcock, who again captains the home team and has the chief voice in its formation, has assuredly not forgotten the triumph of 1928, and the polo world will be surprised if those fine young players, Hopping and Guest, are not with him in the line-up at Meadow Brook again.

Brook in 1928 after some intensely gruelling struggles. The side in the third match that year was composed of Mr. W. A. Harriman, Mr. E. A. S. Hopping, Mr. T. Hitchcock and Mr. Winston Guest, who brilliantly won the rubber match for their country. So far as we can judge by the trial games on Long Island during the past month, each member of that side is likely to secure his place again, with the possible exception of Mr. Harriman, for whom Mr. Eric Pedley is

CHUKKER.

HEAT-WAVE GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

IT is really impossible to think, much less to write, about anything but hot weather. I am far too limp to devise any more original subject. One day last week I was coming back to London, more dead than alive from watching the Boy Champions, in the company of one who had been a very famous Association football player. I said I supposed he was profoundly grateful for not having to begin football on September 1st, but he repudiated my remarks with scorn and said that if he was only a few years younger he would love it. He ought to know best, but, for myself, I do not think I was ever young enough to want to play golf in this weather. I am writing on the eve of a so-called holiday on which I shall have to play golf, and I view the prospect with the gravest apprehension.

If we take this "heat-wave" weather of ours, and then add ten degrees or so, I imagine we should get something approaching what the players in the American Open Championship had to endure at Minneapolis. I had a letter from Mr. Cyril Tolley the other day telling me how many pounds' weight he had lost in that Championship. That historic fact has already been published; but he told me also one that has not. The rough, was so thick that there were fore-caddies stationed on either side to track down any errant ball and stick in a flag to mark its position. If the player, after removing the flag, went forward a few yards to study the line of his shot, he often lost the ball and had to begin the search over again. With that sort of rough, with the club slipping out of wet hands, and the temperature over 100° in the shade Mr. Bobby Jones did four rounds in very little over an average of fours. Goodness, gracious, mercy me!

It must have been heroic, and I consider that I did a little something in the heroic line myself last week when I spent two days in merely watching golf. If anybody wants to know how many holes I walked with any particular pair of golfers, I beg to observe that no man is bound to incriminate himself, and that I decline to answer. I walked a little and I sat a good deal, on one day actually in the sun, and it was quite hard enough work. It was also quite pleasant, because both the tournaments were very interesting in their different ways. On the Tuesday I watched the Artisans at the Berkshire Club, and on the Wednesday the Boys' Championship at Fulwell. If I am asked which of the two sets of competitors enjoyed

their golf most, I am sure it was the Artisans; but this is not to accuse the Boys of any undue gloom, because I never did see any body of golfers enjoy themselves so much as those Artisans did. Some of them were really good players with professionally moulded swings, and the least good had handicaps of nine or under; but good, bad or indifferent, they had come there to make the most of a really jolly day out, and they did it. I saw one gentleman who played rather too strong a pitch to the twelfth green, so that his ball made a Gadarene descent down a horrid, pebbly hill covered with young birch trees. I could not see what he was doing, but there came several ominous, stony-sounding thuds before the ball sped all too brilliantly out of the birches, rushed once more across the green and fell into the bunker on the other side. The player, with perfect cheerfulness, remarked that it was good exercise, ran—absolutely ran—across the green, dislodged the ball from the bunker at the second attempt, holed rather a good putt, and in answer to enquiries said that "it was only ten." A man who can play a hole like that, with people sitting there and smirking at him, and the sun beating pitilessly down, is a fine fellow and inspires me with respect and envy.

The Boy Champions at Fulwell also exhibited many respectable qualities. There is, to many minds, some prejudice against this competition, and I have at times felt it myself. It might be better if it were called merely a "tournament," and not a "championship"; it might be better if people did not write so much about these young gentlemen in the newspapers, though here I am doing that very thing myself. On the other hand, the boys play extremely well; they play, as far as I saw them, in a becomingly modest and friendly spirit, and if, as we are always being told, we ought to encourage and develop our young players, this tournament seems to be a good way of doing it. It is true that in the past the winners' grown up friends, who ought to know better, have sometimes made fools of themselves by laurel wreaths and processions to War memorials, but that is really not the poor winner's fault. I admit I had never been to this meeting before, and I went in rather a "disgruntled" and disapproving frame of mind, and came away having enjoyed my day.

I expected the play to be good, and it was good. I don't know that there were any mute, inglorious Bobby Joneses about, but there were several players who, given the opportunity,

might become really good players, useful recruits for the Walker Cup sides of the future. Lindsay, who won last year, is a player who, at his present age, given some luck in the draw, might do quite well in an Amateur Championship, for he is long enough and an excellent iron player. He hits the ball crisply and firmly and looks essentially like a golfer. He has now, I think, left school, but he was at a day school in Falkirk and these day-boy players, mostly from Scotland, have no doubt an advantage over the player from the average English public school, who only gets a chance at golf in his holidays. Not that I want the English boy to be taken away from his cricket and football—Heaven forbid! I am merely stating what is an obvious fact, that some of these young Scots are, as a rule, more mature and finished golfers than their English contemporaries. I did not see Scott-Riddell, who is, I believe, a very good player, but I did see the tremendous Hancock, who is alleged to weigh, roughly speaking, as much as Major Charles Hezlet, and looks as if he did. He ought to do something in the future since, for all his bulk and strength he has a fine, free, easy swing and a nice touch for the short game. He seems to have played disappointingly on the following day,

but the golf is there. I suppose that some fierce critics would have been indignant at all the young gentlemen sheltering from the sun under umbrellas of many colours, but I felt much too hot not to sympathise. After all they did not imitate their elders by sitting on shooting sticks. That would have been going too far. Of course, like sensible people they all played in their shirt sleeves. Oh, why cannot I learn that art? The thought of playing in a coat during these next few days, even with a shooting stick, makes me feel positively apoplectic. My only comfort is I am going to Portmarnock and Newcastle, and the weather prospects say there may be showers in Ireland. At any rate, I would put up with a good deal to see Portmarnock again and to see Newcastle, which I have never seen before. If I may be permitted a confession, I have several times written accounts of Newcastle, complete with Slieve Donard and the mountains of Morne sloping down to the sea, but I have never been there. I took the best advice before writing them, and nobody that I know of has found me out; but still, it will be more satisfactory to see it all for myself. I shall be hard to satisfy, for I am expecting the jolliest course in the world.

AT THE THEATRE

GREAT NAMES OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

DIPPING into my favourite book-box in the Charing Cross Road one day last week I came across the, to me, still magical name of Malibran. How many of to-day's Bright Young Things have ever heard of the greatest singer the world has ever known? The internal combustion engine is responsible for many things, and among these many things the most disastrous is the disappearance of old-fashioned culture. After all, the situation is perhaps less unreasonable than I take it to be. If you spend your mornings trying to do Maidenhead to Bond Street in something under the half-hour and your evenings in hitting Paris in your private Moth—why, evidently, you will not have much time to bother about an opera-singer who died the year before Queen Victoria came to the throne. There is a delicious description in this old volume of the kind of operatic nonsense the great singers of the past had to "put over," to use the modern cant phrase. As this book is now before me as I write, I propose to give the reader a taste of the old quality. The piece is Mr. Balfe's "Maid of Artois." The first act begins more than handsomely. Jules de Montagnan, "careworn and exhausted with the fatigue of blighted affection," believes that Isoline (the maid) has spurned him and gone off with "the Marquis," who apparently has no other name. Broken-hearted, Jules unwillingly enlists in the Marquis's regiment and there is a grand scene in a private apartment in the palace. Here the Marquis avows his passion for Isoline and his determination to crush his rival, who, the sergeant informs him, is in his power as a refractory soldier. The scene now changes to the grand saloon in the palace where Isoline is discovered in a swoon surrounded by attendants chanting mournfully. Presently Isoline wakes to consciousness and sets about the recitative which terminates in the aria "The Heart that Once has Fondly Teemed." The second act occurs in the interior of an Indian fort, where Jules is discovered in a felon's dress, having been transported for wounding his superior officer. A vessel is now seen in the offing, and lands among its sailors the Maid, disguised as one of them. "Jules is not alone in identifying Isoline," and there is on board one Ninka, "a friendly negress" who purposes to help the lovers to escape. Isoline, who has now assumed the dress of a sister of charity, has several pertinent airs, the time occupied thereby permitting the arrival of a second ship, this time a man-of-war. On her is the Marquis, fully recovered and appointed Governor of the Penal Settlement. The last act takes place in the deserts of Guiana, "Jules, wounded by a sentinel in his flight, is seen reclining on the ground in a state of insensibility. Isoline, watching for returning signs of animation, gives him the last drop of water to bathe his wound and then bursts forth into a paroxysm of exultation.

"The light is in his eye again, the beating at his heart." But the thirst of the desert is now upon Isoline. One drop of water would save her. Jules extends the flask,—alas! it has been emptied for him. Madness here descends upon the Maid. "Yet she is conscious that the man for whom she has sacrificed herself is hanging over her. As nature sinks

within her, she breathes a last prayer for him alone, whom in life she had lived for. She faints."

But it is not thus that the heroines of Mr. Balfe are permitted to bring their evening's work to a close. A military march is now heard, and the Marquis, on his way to Cayenne, enters, accompanied by a numerous suite. He and Jules make it up, and Isoline recovers with a completeness necessitating avalanches of roulades and fiorituri for its demonstration.

J'ever hear such rubbish? as my Lord Castlewood might have asked. Yet we read of Malibran being "transcendently graced throughout." And again: "Three octaves did Malibran call into requisition in this masterpiece of execution (the finale), reaching E in alt, and making a prolonged shake, if we mistake not, on B flat in alt." Let our German opera singers put that in their pipe and smoke it! Malibran died at Manchester on September 23rd, 1836, in a humble hotel called the Moseley Arms. She had been performing in oratorio in that town. She was only twenty-eight, and though doctors differed about the actual cause of death, the mourning world decided that the explanation of the great singer Lablache was the most satisfactory. "Son grand esprit était trop fort pour son petit corps." Then an extraordinary thing happened. Malibran's wretched and craven husband, de Bériot the fiddler, leaving all arrangements for the funeral in the hands of a Manchester lawyer, decamped for Brussels, in order probably to possess himself of all his wife's property. However that may have been, nobody ever seems to have succeeded in getting into touch again with this widower-virtuoso. Malibran was buried in what was then the Collegiate Church of Manchester. I suppose there must have been more eccentric genius in this family than in any other of whom we have a record. It was for Malibran's father, the great Manuel Garcia, that Rossini composed "The Barber of Seville." This famous Spanish singer and maestro had two other children besides Maria Felicia. There was Pauline Garcia, who afterwards became Pauline Viardot and the friend of Turgenev. The son, the celebrated teacher of singing, who died at the age of 103, is still remembered in London, and one of my treasured recollections is hearing his son, Gustave, sing at my father's house some of the arias of Mozart with *Malibran's original embellishments*. It is probably this personal recollection which endears so much to me one who, though the greatest of her kind, is now hardly a name. Pauline Garcia made her *début* in London in the same month as the great actress Rachel, and a very few years later Musset was to write of her more famous sister those stanzas beginning "Sans doute il est trop tard pour parler encore d'elle."

The book, by the way, is Bunn's *The Stage: Before and Behind the Curtain*. Alfred Bunn was for many years lessee of both Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, and is always alluded to by contemporaries as "the egregious Bunn." He had more quarrels than any other manager before or since, and was almost universally execrated. Bunn took a delight in teasing Macready, whom he deemed very small beer after the greater

glories of Edmund Kean, his son Charles and, of course, Kemble. It was with Bunn that Macready had his famous brawl. To humiliate the actor the manager insisted that he should appear in a triple bill in which a mutilated version of "Richard III" was included. The humiliation to the actor was in the implication that the public could not stand a whole evening of him as Richard, but Macready preferred the alternative and higher horse of the insult to Shakespeare. Anyhow, he blew into the manager's room and assaulted Bunn furiously, whereupon the manager bit Macready's little finger half off. The incident probably made more noise than any other theatrical dispute except, of course, the O.P. riots. Bunn, by the way, was no fool, whatever else he may have been. I like this: "Hear that Farren has had a fit—very much doubt if it will make him lower his salary." And again: "Saw in an opposite box Dimond, the dramatic author—thought he had been hanged long ago." Charles Kean is dismissed as "a very earnest actor, with most of the peculiarities and all the faults of his renowned papa." Even so he was a jewel, in Bunn's eyes, to Macready. But the story I like best is that of the Scotch actor whom Malibran snubbed persistently, not only off the stage but on. At length

the Scot made up his mind to ask for an explanation, which he did. Whereupon Malibran, half laughing and half in earnest, said he always gave her the impression of wanting to kiss her. Bunn now asks us to remember that at this moment Malibran was the world's idol, that peers of the realm were ready to give their coronets to press the tips of her fingers, etc., etc. But this did not weigh with the Scot, who exclaimed: "Gude God, wumman, is that a? Mak your mind easy, I wouldna kiss ye for ony conseederation!" And shaking hands, he left the house.

GEORGE WARRINGTON.

THE PLAYBILL

RICHARD III.—*New.*

"O, full of danger is this Duke of Gloster."—*Third Citizen; Richard III, Act II, Scene 3.*

CHARLOT'S MASQUERADE.—*Cambridge.*

"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable."—*Gloster; Richard III, Act III, Scene 1.*

LET US BE GAY.—*Lyric.*

"To entertain these fair well-spoken days."—*Gloster; Richard III, Act I, Scene 1.*

BRIDGES OF SHAKESPEARE'S AVON

SURELY few rivers can have so many features of unusual interest as the River Avon, certainly no other one in the British Isles. To begin with, it was the first river in England to be artificially rendered fit for navigation. This was done in the year 1635, and though it is no longer used for commercial purposes (except, perhaps, for the hiring of pleasure boats!), it must still be honoured for the part that it at one time played in the improvement of trade. Then another fact of great archaeological interest is that nearly all the water mills on its banks are mentioned in Domesday Book, which probably implies their Saxon origin.

But the subject of this article is the many old bridges which span the stream. Let us begin with the one at Stratford-on-Avon. Not many rivers can boast of six bridges dating from mediæval times in so short a distance as from Stratford-on-Avon to Tewkesbury. Every visitor to Stratford, of course, knows Clopton Bridge, built by Sir Hugh Clopton, who died in 1497, so the bridge was of quite a respectable age when Shakespeare used to cross it. Nearly all the bridges are very flat, showing that they were not built for defensive purposes, but merely for the object of crossing from one side to the other, otherwise they



PERSHORE, WHICH THE ROYALISTS DESTROYED.

would have had a high shoulder in the centre, called by the French *dos de l'âne*, which would give the defending party a great advantage, as the attackers would have been not merely below them, but also out of breath in rushing the hill. In our peaceful Midlands fighting was not anticipated by the builders of the bridges, although, as we shall see, it was not altogether unknown.

The bridge at Welford was under the charge of the Abbot of Pershore, who had to keep it in repair. At the side of the bridge is an old inn with the sign of The Four Alls. This stands for: "The King rules all, the soldier fights for all, the parson prays for all and the taxpayer pays for all." At "Beggarly Bidford" we find a very lovely specimen of the bridge-builders' art, though it has been much spoilt in later days by unimaginative and unsympathetic repairs with blue brick. In Roman times the river was crossed by a ford, and a few years ago a large Romano-British cemetery was unearthed not very far away, showing that it must have been a place of considerable importance. Authorities differ as to the date of the building of the bridge, but in 1449 it was repaired from funds raised by the sale of indulgences, as, at Rouen, the very magnificent tower called the Tour de Beurre was built from the fines of people



ECKINGTON, MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THE AVON BRIDGES.

who ate butter in Lent. Most mediæval bridges were built and maintained by the Church, and the obvious way of obtaining the money would have been in some such way as the sale of indulgences. Just after the Dissolution Leland, in his Itinerary, mentions that Bidford Bridge was repaired with stones from the recently suppressed priory at Alcester.

Pershore Bridge has six arches, and was built between 1413 and 1450. It was under the care of Westminster Abbey, as when Edward the Confessor built this abbey he endowed it liberally with many lands and manors belonging to the Abbey of Pershore. In the year 1444 the bridge was partially destroyed after Charles I had retired across it on to Worcester, to delay the pursuit of Waler's army. In breaking it down some forty men were precipitated into the river and lost their lives, which looks as if it must have been much wider and deeper than it is at present. Forty men would have considerable difficulty in all getting into the river together now!

Perhaps the most beautiful of the Avon bridges is the one at Eckington. It is long and narrow, with little set-backs at the tops of the cutwaters into which pedestrians could retire to make way for passing horse traffic. It is steeper than any of the others, having quite a considerable "donkey's back."

The oldest of our bridges is the one at Tewkesbury, built in King John's reign, and, for all its years, "standing up to its work" of carrying heavy steam and motor lorries, fast motor traffic, chars-à-bancs, and the like, every bit as well as the hideous modern iron eyesore which crosses the Severn a few hundred yards away.

What sights it must have seen! What sounds it must have heard! Over it passed Yorkists and Lancastrians both before and after the Battle of Tewkesbury. That tragic historic personage Margaret of Anjou must have crossed it with her little son, soon to be killed in the streets of Tewkesbury for no greater sin than claiming his just heritage.

And now comes the last stage of this eventful history, and the Avon of Shakespeare joins the Severn of Milton, having become little more than a wide ditch. In early days rivers must have been quite uncontrolled, as we find in Leland's Itinerary, written between the years 1535 and 1543, that all bridges had "causeys"—or causeways, as we should call them—built on either side of the actual bridge, pointing to the fact that the banks must generally have been more or less under water. To this day the river at Eckington floods to the depth of 4ft. for several hundred yards on either side of the bridge, so that at the time when all these bridges were built, when there was hardly any draining and the roads were little more than unmetalled tracks, they must have often stood up in the middle of a mere waste of water.

I. W. JONES.



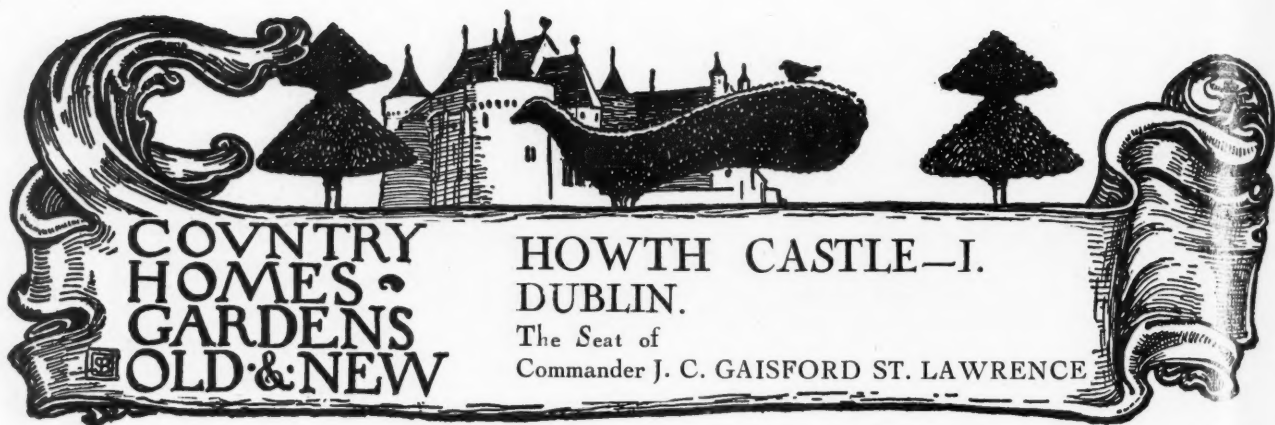
THE BRIDGE AT "BEGGARLY BIDFORD."



THE STRATFORD BRIDGE THAT SHAKESPEARE KNEW.



TEWKESBURY BRIDGE, THE OLDEST OF ALL.



Howth, said to be the oldest inhabited house in Ireland, has been the home of the St. Lawrence family since the 12th century. An earlier building was enlarged in the 16th century, was civilised in George I's reign, and added to by Sir E. Lutyens in 1910.

THE rock of Howth is at the end of a sandy peninsula three miles long which forms the north horn of Dublin Bay. From its top Mr. H. G. Wells, in *Joan and Peter*, said that he had seen one of the most beautiful views in the world. On that eminence, of which the rocky landward slopes are a jungle of rhododendrons, you are indeed

in the front row of the stalls at the Irish theatre, which sweeps in a rainbow of lush colours from the Wicklow Mountains on the south horizon to the Morne Mountains in the north. On your right are the rocky islands of Ireland's Eye and Lambay, foxy red with bracken in winter, viridian with scurvy grass in summer. At your feet are the shallows of Howth Harbour,

dotted with pancakes of sand embroidered with silver thread, and the pale castle, ghostlike among its woods, holding the line of the "bloody stream" that was at some time cut through the sands of the peninsula; beyond stretches "the lush green of Meath," smudged towards the left by Dublin city.

The peninsula has a distinguished place in Irish legend, substantiated by an unusually large cromlech on its bare summit. Ptolemy showed it on his map of the world as Edron Heremos—desert island—perhaps owing to its absence of trees, though it is substantiated that the mountain ash is native to the peninsula, and in ancient verse it is celebrated for richness of vegetation, particularly in gentians, fruit trees and wild garlic. As a seat of Crifan, a king of Ireland in the Dark Ages, it had a great reputation for pleasantness:

Delightful it is to be at Bern Etar,
Truly melodious it is to be
upon its white fortress,
A hill ample, shipful, populous,
A peak in wine, in canons, in
feasts abounding.

It early became a Christian settlement, but later fell to the Norsemen, who gave it their name of Hoved, referring to the harbour which till modern times gave Howth its strategic and economic importance. At the Anglo-Norman settlement it fell to Almeric St. Lawrence, who raised a bailey to guard its harbour some distance east of the later castle. In the Castle hall yet hangs the Sword of Howth—a two-handed weapon ascribed by tradition to Sir Almeric, though it is unlikely that it is earlier than the 14th century. Through the Middle Ages St. Lawrence knights sometimes, as in Edward I's time, followed the King in his wars, at others took their part in the



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1.—PARTERRE DESIGNED BY SIR E. LUTYENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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2.—THE EAST, OR ENTRANCE, FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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3.—THE PARTERRE OF RAISED BEDS AND CLIPPED BOX ON THE SOUTH FRONT.

"C.L."



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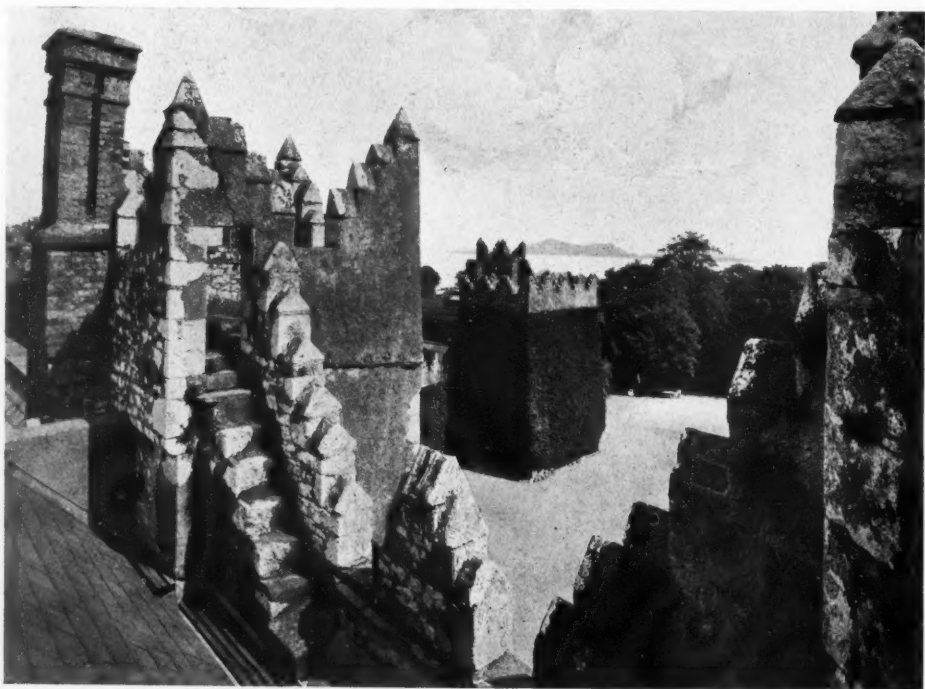
4.—LOOKING OVER THE CASTLE TO IRELAND'S EYE.

"C.L."



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5.—GATE-HOUSE AND TERRACE BEFORE THE ENTRANCE FRONT. "C.L."



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6.—THE GATE-HOUSE, FROM THE KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

government of the Pale. In the troubled times of the fifteenth century the lords of Howth extended their influence and, in its middle years, Christopher, Constable of Dublin Castle, who followed Richard, Duke of York to England, gained recognition of his hereditary honour by Edward IV and so became the first Baron Howth. Under the White Rose the family obtained all kinds of important posts. The second Lord Howth married a daughter of Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset. It is uncertain what this lady found to live in Howth. As yet conditions were rude compared to the degree of comfort obtaining in England. But probably at this time—*circa* 1500—the stone tower had been built at the south-east end of the present entrance front (Fig. 2), with a hall adjoining on the site of the existing hall, and with a courtyard in front of it to which access was gained through the gate-house that still stands before the entrance.

When I was staying at Howth I noticed that we sat down to dinner one short, though we were all present. I was still wondering who the defaulting guest could be, whose chair was silently removed as soon as we had taken our seats, when I was told the story of Grainia Uaile, the Sea Queen. In the latter half of Elizabeth's reign this other queen flourished among the hundred islands of Sligo Bay. In 1593 she sailed to London in order to fulfil her ambition of meeting her sister-queen, and either on her return from that journey or after a visit to Sir Henry Sidney in Dublin in 1576, she landed at Howth for victuals. On going up to the Castle she found the gates closed because it was the dinner-hour, and is said to have expressed her indignation at what she considered a breach of Irish hospitality. On her way back to her ship she met the heir to the house, a child playing upon the strand, and retaliated by kidnapping him, carrying him off to the fastnesses of Mayo. There he was kept till Grainia Uaile had extracted a promise that the gates should never be shut at dinner-time and that a place should always be laid at the board for guest. This promise has been faithfully kept, and though unexpected guests come rarely to the dining-room, the kitchen at Howth is always open for a meal to the needy, and I have seen them receiving the hospitality exacted by the Sea Queen.

In 1564 it would appear that the Castle had been modernised, a dated stone indicating work at that time, though not now in its original position. Its author will have been Christopher, "the blind lord,"



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7.—THE LONG, RAMBLING BUILDING, SEEN FROM THE SOUTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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8.—THE SOUTH-WEST WING AND THE OLD KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



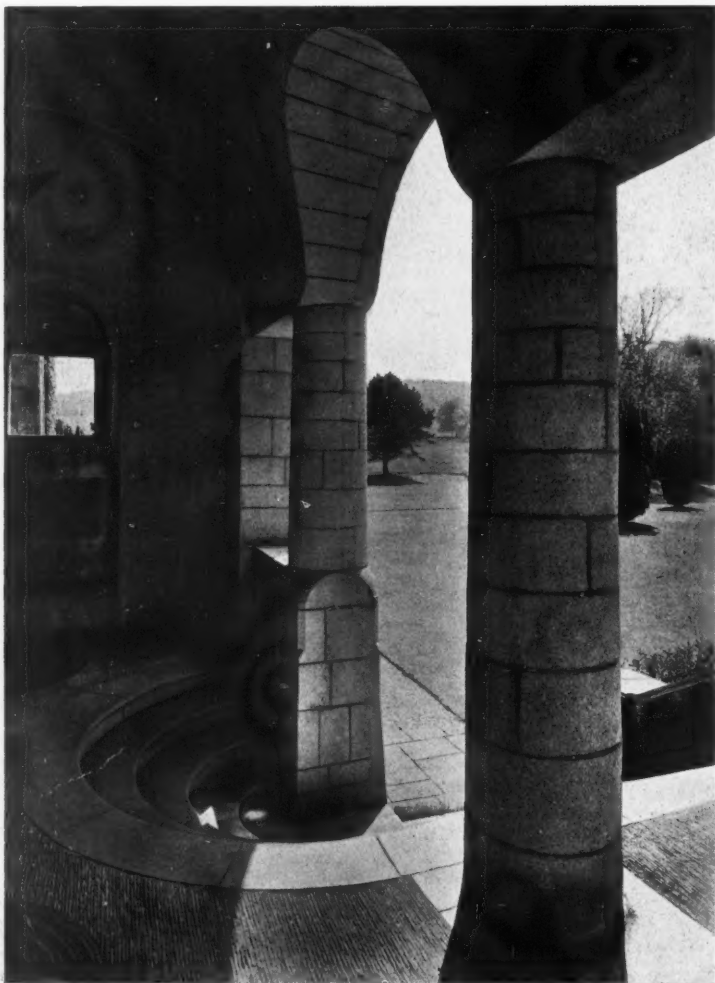
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9.—THE NEW TOWER, DESIGNED BY SIR E. LUTYENS, FROM THE KEEP.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



10.—THE MODERN TOWER.



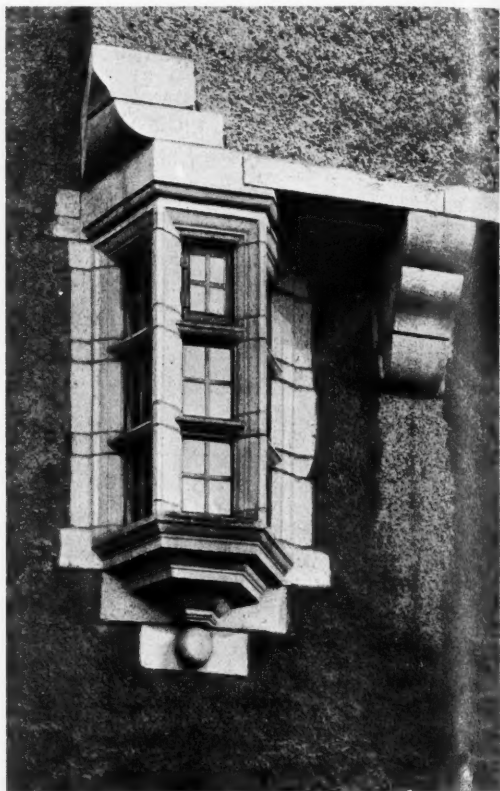
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11.—SIR E. LUTYENS' LOGGIA. "COUNTRY LIFE."

who succeeded in 1558, and is the most striking figure in the family annals of the century. He compiled the *Book of Howth*, a partly fabulous history of his forebears, which is of considerable value, nevertheless, to the historian. His nickname probably refers to defective rather than atrophied sight, for he was a typically active Elizabethan gentleman, whose career of public usefulness was only marred by a term of imprisonment for maltreating his wife. His grandson, another Christopher, was yet more prominent in the councils of the Earl of Essex, and though still bearing the character of a wild Irishman involved in many brawls and duels, became a colonel in the army organised by Mountjoy in his struggles against Tyrone, the O'Mores and the O'Byrnes.

The Jacobean period has left no trace at Howth, though its lords became increasingly civilised, and, through the troubled middle and later years of the century, contrived to retain unmolested possession.

On approaching the Castle to-day we pass by the gate-house into a court formed before the Early Georgian terrace and entrance front (Fig. 2) by a projecting wing on the south which is outwardly a nineteenth century annexe, and on the north by a



12.—A MODERN ORIEL WINDOW.

wall which connects with the fifteenth century gate-house, concealing the stables. The keep tower can be seen in Fig. 2 to the left of the front door, in the centre of the building in Fig. 7, and at close quarters in Figs. 6 and 9. The stepped battlements, rising to peaks at each corner, are a peculiarity of Irish mediæval architecture, seen again on St. Patrick's Cathedral. The surface is harled, with patches of rough stone and brick peeping through. On the broad Georgian terrace lie the pre-Reformation bells of the old Church of St. Mary's, Howth, and access is gained from it, through a noble Palladian door, to the hall.

Behind and at right angles to the hall range another wing runs westward (Fig. 8), terminating in a massive square tower added by Sir Edwin Lutyens. Though it is similar in form to the keep, Sir Edwin enhanced the "plastic" quality, so that it seems even more solid. Where this long range, which contains most of the living-rooms, joins the older nucleus is a characteristic loggia recalling Sir Edwin's contemporary work at Lambay. The work is an interesting exercise in the use of simple materials—the piers massive and plain, the floor



Copyright. 13.—CLIPPED BEECH HEDGES, TWENTY FEET HIGH AND TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD. "C.L."

composed of slates set on end in concrete (Fig. 11). At the back of this range a passage was added on each floor (Fig. 10), lit by small oriel windows.

Romantic as the rambling old buildings are, it is the gardens that are the great beauty of Howth. In its mild maritime climate all kinds of half-hardy shrubs flourish exceedingly, and the more ordinary plants grow with a luxuriance that fills less favoured gardeners, according to their temperament, with despair or hope. In the early eighteenth century a series of formal gardens was laid out east of the house. In front of the entrance a pool (Fig. 2) and some large yews survive of this lay-out, shown in a contemporary picture in the house. To-day, the only formality preserved—except for the astonishing beech hedges to be described in a moment—is on the south front, where a sunk parterre was laid out by Sir Edwin Lutyens (Figs. 1 and 3).

This consists of three raised beds contained in frames of stone and clipped box. The beds are about 6 ins. above the paved walks, the stone and box frames about a foot high. By this ingenious yet simple means the flowers in the beds are always up to, or above, the level of their frame, and thus produce a brighter effect, while the frame itself is bolder and more solid than usual.

Against the wall of the house adjoining or around the parterre grow *Helichrysum Gunnii*, like a creeping rosemary; *Habrothamnus fasciculatus* flowers against the house; *Boussingaultia buseloides* and *Myoporum laetum* drape themselves along the wall; and *Olearia insignis* and *Buddleia auriculata* are by the loggia steps. The curious "anchor plants" *Colletia cruciata* and *infausta* also grow well.

Beneath the western tower, and seen in the view from the keep in Fig. 9, is the "Sidney garden"—enclosed, and devoted more especially to rare and pleasant plants. I noticed the yellow-flowered *Piptanthus nepalensis*. A large proportion of evergreens and winter-flowering plants make it pleasant at the dead season. Beyond that, again, is a large square pool. Adjoining the space before the front door, and north-east of the house, is a garden



Copyright. 14.—IN ONE OF THE BEECH ALLEYS. "C.L."

intersected by gigantic beech hedges (Figs. 13 and 14) some 20ft. high, forming a number of deep diagonal walks. In the centre of the garden, where three ways meet, is a garden house. In the protection of the hedges and of the enclosing wall all kinds of desirable things grow luxuriantly. *Verbena* grows into large bushes in the open ground; there are masses of the yellow *Coronilla glauca* and *Clematis balearica*, with its

bell-shaped flowers and crumpled leaves; *Olearia Fosteri* is 14ft. high, and the yellow *Cytisus monspesulanus* is at home. A walk from the hedged garden runs along above Howth harbour and is planted with shrubs, many of them uncommon or half-hardy in England. Many of the *pittosporums* particularly grow into good-sized bushes—*tobira* and *tenuifolium* especially.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.

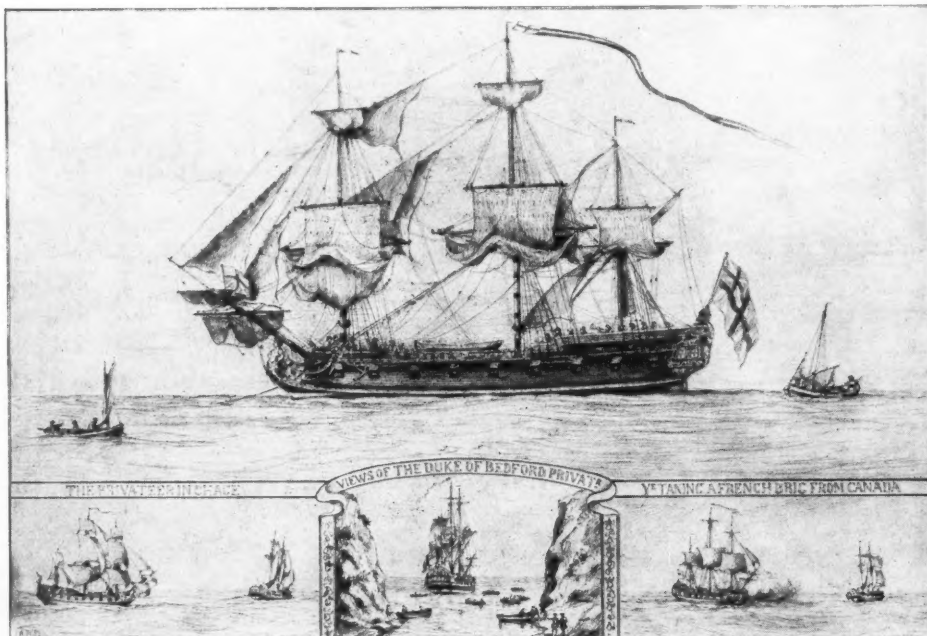
LETTERS OF MARQUE

Bristol Privateers and Ships of War, by Commander J. W. Damer Powell, D.S.C., R.D., R.N.R. Illustrated. (Arrowsmith, 31s. 6d.).

THE heroic part played by the men of the Mercantile Marine during the Great War worthily maintained a tradition which goes back to the earliest days of British sea history. It is the share of the City of Bristol in building up that tradition which forms the theme of the present volume; a theme which is alike intensely interesting to the general reader and valuable to the student of maritime development. Many famous names are associated with Bristol's ventures at sea, whether King's ships, privateers or merchantmen proceeding on their lawful occasions under letters of marque. Among them are Martin Pring, commander of the East India

accident, both of which were executed very successfully. He singled out the 'Prime Minister' a fine ship, kept her company without being suspected, artfully drew her off to a proper distance from the rest of the fleet, in the nick of time clipped her on board, obliged her to strike, carried her off in sight of the whole fleet, sent her into Kingroad and continued his cruise." The *Scorpion*, Captain Clark, carrying eight four-pounders and twelve swivels, fought, on April 22nd, 1757, a very gallant action with a French privateer armed with eighteen nine and six pounders. "The 'Scorpion' not being able to get away," reads the contemporary narrative, "the crew resolved to do their utmost and engaged the enemy for two and a half hours when Captain Clark and two men were killed. The command then devolved on Mr.

White, the first lieutenant, who bravely fought her two hours longer, when after firing their wall-pieces upwards of one hundred times, besides the great guns, and having but two rounds of powder left, she received a shot in the hull, on which all the people imagining she was sinking, cried out for quarter, but that instant some powder on the enemy's quarter deck blowing up, set fire to their sails so that they did not hear them. This the 'Scorpion's' crew thought a proper time to make off, and crowding on all the sail they could and all hands at the oars, they continued till the next morning." Commander Damer Powell has delved deep and patiently for his material, and the result is a volume which throws much new light on a particularly fascinating subject. Not the least valuable feature of the book is its abundance of excellent illustrations, many of them reproduced from contemporary prints and paintings in the British Museum. Among



THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, BUILT AT BRISTOL IN 1745.
300 tons, 28 guns, 200 men. (From "*Bristol Privateers and Ships of War*.")

Company's fifth "joint stock" voyage; Captain Andrew Barker of the *Ragged Staff*, one of the lesser stars in the Elizabethan firmament; Captain Andrew Merick, a companion of the ill-fated Chudleigh; and Captain Thomas James, whose expedition in quest of the North-west Passage occupies not the least stirring page in Hakluyt's "gallant glorious chronicle." There is also the redoubtable Captain Woodes Rogers, whose voyage of circumnavigation—the third to be carried out by an Englishman—is further notable for its association with Alexander Selkirk, the prototype of "Robinson Crusoe," and his companion Captain Dover, who combined the rôles of physician and privateer, and was the originator of Dover's Powders, once so well known as a specific in cases of fever. But in addition to these are many more whose names find little or no place in the temple of fame, as, for instance, Captain Nethaway of the *Angel Gabriel*, whose fight with three Spanish ships off Cadiz is commemorated in the ballad called "The Honour of Bristol." Of Captain Woods of the *Trial*, again, we read in a contemporary narrative that on February 7th, 1745, he "returned from a four months' cruise, in which he had taken five prizes singly, one in consort with the 'Shoreham' and 'Tuscany,' and retaken the 'Prime Minister,' privateer, with the loss of one man only and some few wounded. His first exploit was a high proof of his conduct. Falling in with part of the Brest squadron in the night, which had taken seven English prizes, and finding in the morning that he had got into bad company, he cast about him in what manner he should extricate himself and at the same time improve the

the latter may be specially noted several by Nicholas Pocock (1741-1821), who affords one of the few examples of the unusual combination of artistic skill and practical seamanship; and most of the specimens of his work included have not, so far as I know, been reproduced elsewhere.

C. FOX SMITH.

Tuck of Drum and Other Stories, by Alfred Tresidder Sheppard. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.).

MR. TRESIDDER SHEPPARD is one of the novelists of the day whom one may fearlessly recommend for cleanness of thought, correct and vital historical sense and well used words, and, besides, for a pathetic attraction all his own. *Tuck of Drum and Other Stories* is a delightful book. Mr. St. John Adcock before his death completed the task of selecting the stories from their author's portfolio, and they show the same delicate work and optimistic belief in the final goodness of humanity which is evident in his novels. The sole exception to this optimism is a very strong character study of a Spanish village rogue of the period of the Peninsular War, called "The End of the Sermon," which certainly does not conclude happily or illustrate the innate goodness of its hero. "Severina and the Della Robbia" is an Italian story, the characters in which are mercilessly drawn, but Severina forgives nearly at the end. Mr. Tresidder Sheppard evidently believes that even a very bad failure in life's struggle need not despair, for several of his modern heroes fight back to honour from disgrace and poverty. There is only one bad woman in his book, the heroine of a tragic story called "A Pair of Braces," and she seems more careless and selfish than anything more unusual. Most of the stories are modern, or very nearly so, about half a dozen have historical settings, one; "The Island of the Dead," ranging back even so far as prehistoric times. The book contains an extremely varied collection of tales, each delightful and full of interest. It will be eagerly read by the increasing class of book-lovers who particularly rejoice in the "short story," a form of literature with its own special beauties and attractions requiring special skill to produce.

The Blockhouse, by José Díaz Fernandez. (Hopkinson, 6s.) THIS little volume of eight short stories is by a young Spaniard who has recently come very much to the fore in his native country. When this volume appeared in 1923, his publishers assure us, "fifty articles in the Press were devoted to it and the most famous writers in Spain gave a dinner in his honour." It is difficult to imagine a similar result for a similar achievement here, but it is not to be forgotten that in the original the stories may have the authentic fire which, in spite of their strongly marked incidents and, to us at least, novel settings, is somehow lacking here. They are tales of the Spanish campaign in Morocco and the effect of such a life on the average man; one at least is exceptionally ugly; in two, "The Watch" and "The Sentence of Death," there is an exquisite tenderness for the minds of simple unlettered men.

Ordeal by Air, by J. Scott Hughes. (Longmans, 7s. 6d. net.) *Ordeal by Air* is a high-speed spy story with a novel setting. Submarine and seaplanes are called in to quicken the somewhat standardised adventures of the hero, his faithful friend, the beautiful heroine, the sinister spy and the comic servants. Much of the action takes place in the air, and the dialogue consists largely of shouted remarks between pilot and observer as they search for hostile submarines and scatter 220lb. bombs. Mr. Scott Hughes invests these aeronautical parts of his story

with a vividness which suggests that he is drawing freely upon personal experience. The movements of the seaplane as it swoops to the attack, the landings and even the crashes are described with an intimate accuracy which is as unusual as it is exciting. Aviation has suffered all kinds of indignities at the hands of writers of fiction; but Mr. Scott Hughes gives his readers the real thing. Even his hero is not too heroic. He is less the "intrepid birdman" of the daily papers than the flesh-and-blood air pilot, struggling against fears and worries, who was actually to be found in the ranks of the Royal Naval Air Service during the War. It is not to be supposed that the end is other than in the tradition of spy stories; but Mr. Scott Hughes maintains the interest by the novelty of his setting, the sure though often incomplete character sketches which he scatters about, and the telling descriptions of adventures in the air. Those who enjoy being whirled along on a fast-moving plot with plenty of straightforward action, especially air action, will find *Ordeal by Air* a generous and refreshingly original entertainment.

A SELECTION FOR THE LIBRARY LIST.

WAR LETTERS OF FALLEN ENGLISHMEN, Edited by Laurence Housman (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.); THE RECONSTRUCTION OF INDIA, by Edward J. Thompson (Faber and Faber, 10s. 6d.); LAST WORDS OF FAMOUS MEN, by Bega (Williams and Norgate, 7s. 6d.) Fiction.—TRIO, by Payllis Bentley (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.); THAT WILD LIE, by Naomi Jacob (Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.); IN THE ADMIRAL'S WAKE, by L. I. Crawford (Benn, 7s. 6d.).

WHAT WERE THEY LIKE?

BY A. TINDELL HOPWOOD.

PERHAPS no branch of natural history has so great an attraction for the average man as the study of the larger animals which lived on earth in the past. All over the world there are found bones and teeth of animals which have long been extinct, and whose like will never occur again. From time to time the great museums send out expeditions to collect these bones, and so the day comes when, still more or less encased in rock, they reach the laboratory wrapped in plaster bandages.

The first thing is to free them of their wrappings, and to remove the rock, so that they may be studied by those versed in such things. If by some stroke of good fortune the skeleton is fairly complete, the bones are placed in their correct relative positions on an iron frame and exhibited for the instruction of the general public. Some of these skeletons become famous, such, for example, are the skeletons of diplodocus and the sabretooth; others are neglected.

The great disadvantage of any skeleton is its lack of covering of skin and flesh. This is more pronounced when dealing with extinct forms which no man has ever seen in the flesh. At the same time, it is possible to overcome this to some extent by making small models of the animal as it probably was in life. The skeleton is measured, all its proportions are determined, and the bones are further examined to find out where the muscles and sinews went. Then a sculptor sets to work under the guidance of an anatomist, and between them they produce a model which is a very close approximation to the long-dead original.

External details, such as the colouring of the coat, are usually pure conjecture, but even here they are not put in without due consideration. As a rule, one is guided by the corresponding details in animals which live in similar habitats to-day, as well as by a certain amount of common sense.

Eventually the model is complete, and the results of some instances of this collaboration between the artist and the man

of science are here reproduced. The illustrations are photographs taken for educational and instructional purposes by Camerascopes, Limited, from models which show the animals in surroundings to which they were accustomed in life.

Triceratops and styracosaurus are representatives of the horned dinosaurs, a group which flourished in North America when our English chalk was forming at the bottom of the sea. They were massive, slow-moving, herbivorous animals, whose safety depended largely on their ability to face their foes. The back of the skull was produced into a heavy, bony frill which protected the muscles and sinews of the neck. In addition, they were provided with long, sharp horns on which the attacker was liable to be impaled. Triceratops had three horns—hence the name—one over each eye and one on the nose; whereas styracosaurus had seven, one long straight one in the middle of the snout, and six others on the edge of the bony frill. Provided the attack came from the front, either must have proved a formidable adversary.

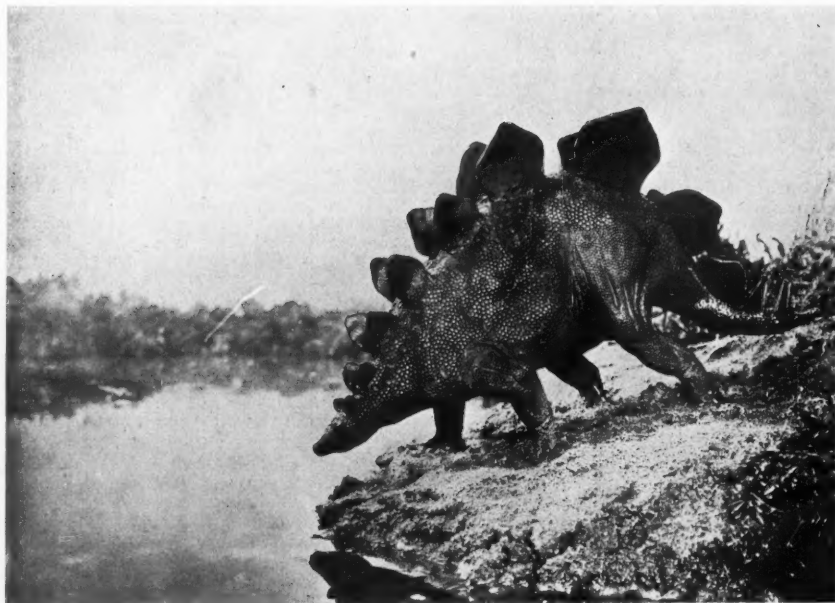
Curiously enough, this great development of the skull—an animal just under twenty feet long had a skull six feet long—appears to have been the reason why triceratops and his allies walked on all fours. The story is still obscure in detail, but a large part of it depends on the structure of the hip region. Those herbivorous dinosaurs which walked on their hind legs had two special bones known as the "post-pubes," which are not found in those which walked on all fours. Moreover, the former have the front legs shorter than the back; in the latter, all four legs are about the same length. In both these details triceratops agrees with the bipedal dinosaurs. There is a definite post-pubis on each side of the body, though it has atrophied from lack of use, and the front legs are shorter than the back. Because of this, and much else, students have thought that the ancestral forms of triceratops walked on their hind legs, but that the skull became so weighty in proportion that they had to go back to the



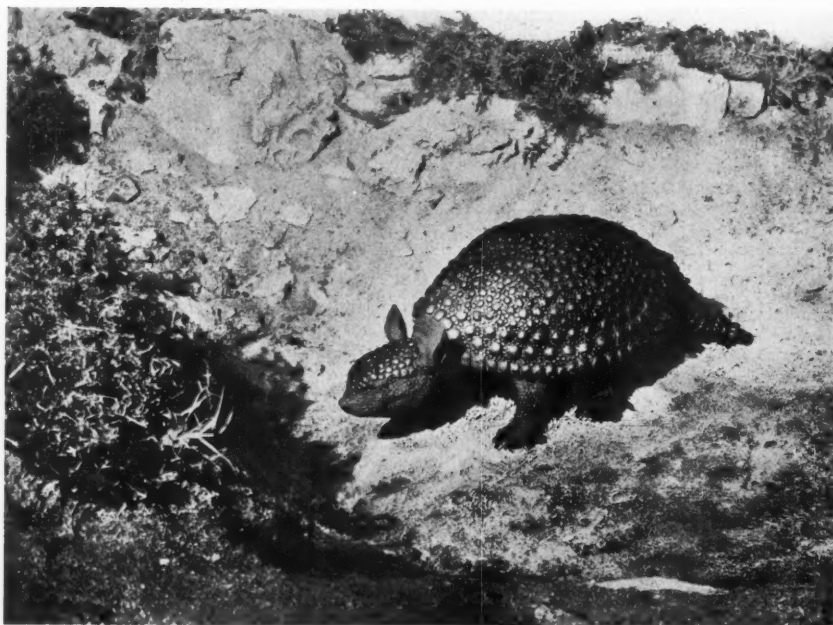
Camerascopes, Limited.

THE MASSIVE SLOW MOVING TRICERATOPS.

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STEGOSAURUS, WHOSE ANCESTORS WALKED ERECT.



GLYPTODON, THE ANIMATED TANK.



Camerascopes, Limited. MACHAERODUS, THE SABRE-TOOTHED TIGER. Copyright.

primitive position, and crawl on four legs in order to support their overgrown skulls.

The third model represents diplodocus. He and his kind became extinct before triceratops, paying the penalty of their colossal bulk and loss of adaptability to changing conditions.

Diplodocus was a massive, slow-moving, quadrupedal animal which lived in swamps, shallow bays and estuaries. His limb bones are very massive. The skull and backbone, on the contrary, are very light and fragile, so that if a line be drawn from the shoulder to the hip, the heavy part of the body is below, and the light above. This arrangement has its obvious advantages in a semi-aquatic animal, especially as an aid to maintaining a correct balance in the water.

Although diplodocus was a vegetarian, his ancestors were flesh eaters. This is revealed by the structure of his hips, by the presence of claws on the feet, and by certain peculiarities in the bones of the skull. There is no trace of this ancestry in the teeth. In course of time the change from a diet of flesh to one of plants was so complete, and the particular plants eaten were so soft, that the sharp teeth adapted for tearing flesh became mere rods about two inches long, and as thick as the average lead pencil.

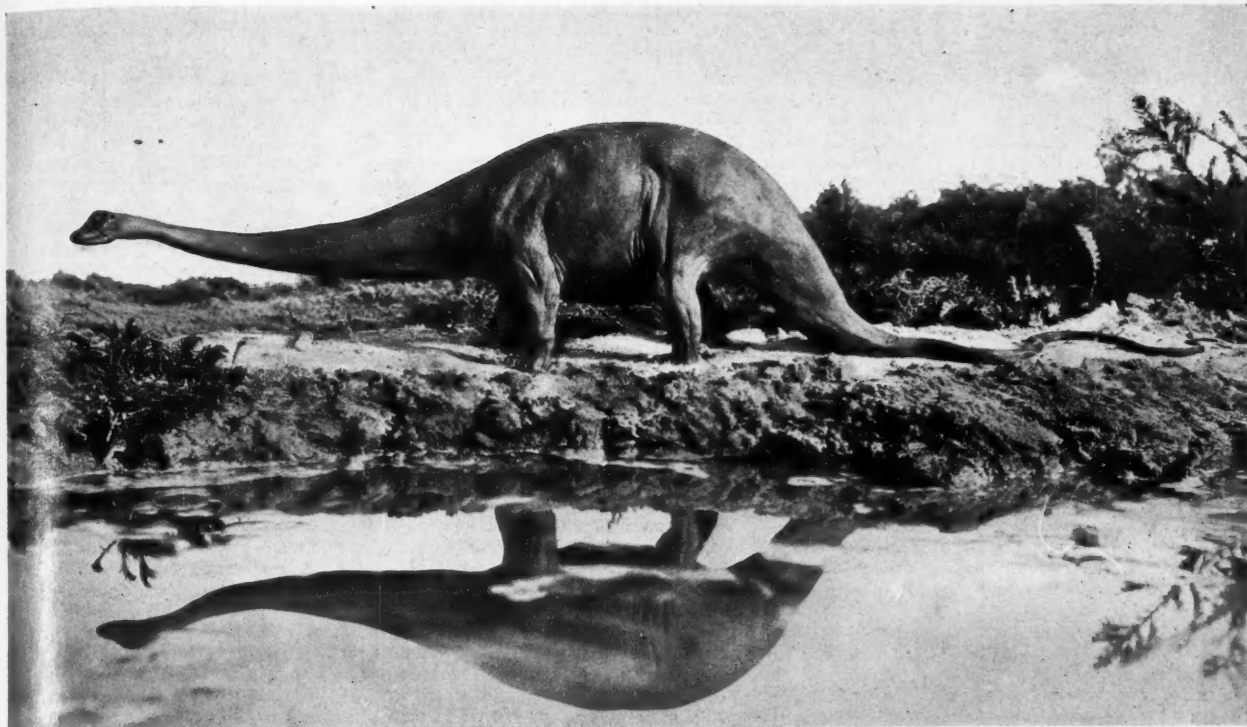
Despite this change in the nature of his teeth, diplodocus was not entirely defenceless. Given the chance, he could always take refuge in water too deep for his foes to reach him, or, if attacked on land, he could use his long tail as a lash. The joints in the last five or six feet were all grown together to form a solid rod of bone which was capable of giving a heavy blow. That it was so used is proved by the presence of breaks which have been healed during the life of the animal.

Stegosaurus also used his tail as a means of defence, but, since it was furnished with long sharp spikes arranged in pairs, it was the more efficient weapon. Apart from this use of the tail, their four-legged gait and herbivorous habits, stegosaurus and diplodocus have nothing in common. The story of the former is similar to that of triceratops. His ancestors were once bipedal, but the development of the massive plates of bone arranged alternatively down the back imposed a return to the primitive habit of going on all fours. Apparently the ancestors of stegosaurus were more thoroughly bipedal than those of triceratops, because the fore limbs of the former are much shorter than those of the latter.

As a change from the dinosaurs we may turn to the mammals. Neither of those illustrated is as old as the extinct reptiles just described; indeed, both may have been contemporary with man. The sabre-tooth, machaerodus, represents a group of fierce, predatory animals, allied to the cat family, which was widely distributed over Eurasia and America. The South American sabre-tooth, known as smilodon, was contemporary with the giant armadillo, glyptodon, and in these two we find excellent examples of the differences involved between weapons of offence and defence.

Glyptodon had the appearance of an animated tank; the whole of the body, except the belly, was enclosed in an unbroken shield of bone. On top of the head was a bony casque, and the tail was a formidable bony club. When attacked he would withdraw head and limbs, tortoise-wise, within his shell and deal out vigorous blows with his tail. Unless his foe could turn him on his back he was impregnable.

Such a fortress would have been useless to the sabre-tooth; he had to hunt his prey. He lay in wait at the water-holes. A roar, a mighty spring, and he would be clinging to the flanks of some unwary



Camerascopes, Limited.

THE DIPLODOCUS WAS TOO LARGE TO LIVE

Copyright.

beast, stabbing and slashing with his trenchant, sabre-like eye-teeth. These same teeth, despite their terrible efficiency as weapons, were a risk to their owner. More than one sabre-tooth has died of starvation when the teeth became locked with those in the lower jaw and he found it impossible to close his mouth. Over-specialisation always carries the penalty in its train.

This does not exhaust the interest of any one of the animals whose pictures are reproduced. Each one is full of adaptations which fitted it for its particular place in the scheme of nature. So long as it was able to keep to the front in the struggle, it survived; but when it lagged, it was elbowed out by later arrivals and became extinct.

DOES FARMING PAY?

It may be considered quite unnecessary in view of the agricultural depression to venture to ask whether farming pays. Unfortunately it is very difficult to get at the truth from the fact that whether the times are good or bad, there is always the proverbial grumbler to make things appear worse than they are. No one but those who are actually brought face to face with agricultural problems can quite appreciate the many difficulties which are met with to-day at almost every turn. Farming is never, even in the best of times, all plain sailing. Weather, disease, markets and labour may all spring surprises, and the variety of the experiences encountered gives much scope for those who are inclined to be pessimistic to air their views.

It is, however, common knowledge that the agricultural industry has been hard hit during the last eight or ten years. It is probably true that if farming accounts were made public property, that many outside the industry would be amazed at the unenviable position in which many agriculturists find themselves, and this at a time when the retailers of agricultural produce are living in comfort. Fortunately the agricultural temperament is one which never assumes defeat willingly. The British farmer is very independent in his outlook, although he may be faced with insolvency, yet he endeavours to keep plodding along in the hope that something better will turn up next year.

Despite the general unhealthy state of the industry, it may seem remarkable that almost every district can provide striking illustrations of farmers who have proved successful even during the era of depression. There are obvious reasons which may be advanced to explain why some have succeeded when the majority have failed to improve their lot. Generally it is traced back to the ability of the individual farmer to make good under changing conditions. The position of the purely arable farmer is possibly more complicated than that of the mixed farmer, and to some extent success in these instances has been aided by such factors as inherent soil fertility and efficient organisation of labour.

Perhaps one of the most prosperous arable areas in this country occurs in the Fenlands of Cambridgeshire, Ely and Lincolnshire. Much of this land has a freehold value of £50 or £60 per acre, and there are farmers in these parts who to-day are quite prepared to pay a drainage rate of up to 12s. per acre, and, in addition, engage in such expensive forms of husbandry as the claying of these fen soils at a cost of £10 per acre. The chief obstacle to the further development of the fenlands at the present time, is the disinclination of county authorities to develop roads which are now impassable in winter. It is somewhat remarkable, with the present desire to find work for the unemployed, that a serious effort should not be made to open

up for cultivation thousands of acres of some of the most fertile soil in this country. Agreed, many farmers have had to evolve their own solution of the lack of roads by the laying down of light railway tracks, the materials for which cost about £220 per mile of track. Crops like sugar beet, potatoes, celery, carrots and cut flowers account for a good deal of the money which is made in these parts. High farming is seen at its best, and enormous crops are secured in consequence. It is interesting to mention that though cereals are extensively grown, it is the straw, which grows to large weights per acre, which is especially valued for returning to the soil in the form of farmyard manure. Some farmers are prepared to buy large quantities of straw with the sole object of putting back still more "muck" into the land.

The prosperity of these parts was somewhat affected by last year's slump in potato prices, but there were other crops which came to the rescue and particularly sugar beet. Pigs are extensively kept for the purpose of consuming the small potatoes, though pig-keeping in the Fens has suffered from the ravages of the disease known as swine erysipelas. It is specially pleasing, however, to relate the fact that the labour in these districts is of a particularly good type. The men are hard workers and prefer to perform the majority of farm operations by piecework. Not only is the work in hand performed more expeditiously, but the type of farming gives constant occupation to a large number of farm workers. The fixed wage for agricultural labour, which is about 30s. per week, is converted into nearer 50s. per week, when piecework rates are utilised. It is also interesting to observe that the hours of work are no longer than where the ordinary day rates obtain. Another labour feature is the willingness of women and girls to engage in farm operations. It is possible for women to find regular employment for at least eight months of the year. They willingly join with the men in the performance of work at "piece" rates of pay, while the remuneration earned, coupled with the measure of freedom they enjoy, has retained girls on the land against the claims of domestic service.

Much of the fenland farming is the work of specialists, and specialisation in the growing of marketable crops has paid. The greatest difficulty at the moment is fighting competition from continental imports, and in this matter railway freights are a heavy burden. The development of production in this country calls for some reorganisation in the matter of transport. It is not surprising that the Fenland farmer when he wants to send potatoes to Cardiff, objects to a railway freightage of 29s. 3d. per ton, when coal from that place comes to the Fens with a freightage of only about 11s. 3d. per ton.

LORD DERBY—YORK—THE ST. LEGER

THERE are three outstanding subjects on which to write this week. The most important is the decision of Lord Derby to effect certain drastic economies in his great racing and breeding activities. He has let it be known that in consequence of the depredations made on his resources by taxation, and an outlook which in no sense encourages him, he must in future reduce the size of his breeding stud and maintain fewer horses in training at the famous Stanley House stables at Newmarket.

The announcement has come, too, on the eve of the great Doncaster sales of yearlings, and it seems to me as if certain to have a damaging effect on them. That is why the Turf is going to be ever so much poorer for Lord Derby's retrenchments. There is not only the actual loss of patronage but the moral effect. I greatly fear that his example may be copied, indeed it was made known some time ago that Mr. J. B. Joel is selling off nearly the whole of his horses in training, while he would be glad to find a buyer for the Foxhill training establishment in Wiltshire.

Sir John Jardine is having a sale, both of his few horses in training and most of his breeding stock. He is retaining only the nucleus of a stud in the hope that he may be able to launch out again. I am frankly apprehensive of next week's sales at Doncaster, while it seems to me the bloodstock market in this country will be flooded between now and the end of the year.

The changes involved in Lord Derby's decision mean that Frank Butters, who for the past four years has trained for him with splendid results, will not hold the position after the end of the year. The Hon. George Lambton, who, since his retirement to make way for Butters, has acted as manager of the stable, is expected to resume the post of trainer with an assistant. Most of the present horses in training will be sold, so will some of the yearlings which would shortly be coming into training in the ordinary course of events. A number of mares from a stud which I have always regarded as the finest privately owned one in the country, perhaps in the world, will come into the market.

Let me now turn to last week's meeting at York. I have so often written in eulogy of racing at York, and especially of this August fixture, that I shall expect the reader to take so much for granted now. It will be properly appreciated what I have in mind if I say that this latest meeting was better than ever, distinguished as it was by high-class racing, extraordinarily close finishes for the most part, and especially in the chief events, and the most marvellous weather conditions.

But the Tote people appear to have blundered badly. They have wholly succeeded in putting what Tote buildings are working up to the present out of sight and as far removed as possible from paddock and enclosures. They have left the bookmakers in sole and undisturbed possession.

I am delighted that Lord Ellesmere won the Gimcrack Stakes with his good filly Four Course. Now we shall have a worthy chief guest at the banquet this back end. The winning owner is permitted on this occasion to say what is in his heart and mind as well as to have the pleasure of putting the wine on the table!

Four Course only got there by a short head. I watched the race in the company of Lord Ellesmere and his trainer, Fred

Darling. I was sure the judge was going to give still another dead heat—we had already had dead-heats for the Ebor Handicap and the Great Yorkshire Stakes—but Fred Darling murmured quietly: "I think we have just won." The judge took his view, and so all was well. The one that had come so near making a dead-heat, even to defeating the hot favourite, was Major McCalmont's Lampeto. After noting her in the parade ring I was prepared for her big show. She has improved wonderfully in looks as also in performances since beaten by Pasca at Goodwood.

Lord Derby's Pisa was only a length away from the second. Certainly it was a great finish. Pisa is rather better than I thought, and before the end of the year the tall grey filly, The Leopard, will win a five furlong race for Sir Charles Hyde. I thought she was the best yearling sold at Doncaster last year, which may hardly have been surprising, seeing that she made the top price of 8,000 guineas. She has not yet developed her full strength, and seems to want time and very careful management.

Handicaps do not interest me much, certainly they are not to be compared in general interest with important events for two year olds and weight-for-age races. They appeal, of course, to backers, though on the whole they are a certain means of losing money. Now, in the case of the Ebor Handicap all the best backed horses were beaten, and they included The Bastard (actual favourite), Bonny Boy II, the three year old filly Norland, Brown Jack, whose staying exploits have brought him much renown, and Monastic Haste, though the latter's weight included a 12lb. penalty for a recent win at Stockton.

The outcome was a dead-heat between Mr. J. P. Arkwright's mare Gentlemen's Relish and Sir Hugo Hirst's Coaster, the latter conceding the other 9lb. Incidentally, Coaster showed much improvement on form at the Bath meeting. He was acquired by his present owner early in the year in order to lead Diolite in his Derby preparation. His dead-heat for the Ebor has had the effect of hardening the hopes of those who believe Diolite is going to win the St. Leger next week. I ought to add that Brown Jack was only beaten half a length from the dead-heaters, though having to give 28lb. to the one and 10lb. to the other.

I am sure there was more interest on the third day in the race for the Great Yorkshire Stakes than in that for the "Gimcrack." That was because Parenthesis, who is so generally fancied for the St. Leger, was making an appearance, and, of course, much hinged on the impression he would make. He was not beaten at the finish because he had to share a dead-heat with Lord Glanely's British Sailor, a gelding that had never won a race and which was receiving from the other as much as 24lb. And he did not get the half-share of the stake because, rather than accept Lord Glanely's challenge to run off the decider, Parenthesis was withdrawn and the half-share of the stake forfeited. The full stake, therefore, went to Lord Glanely, and of course his horse goes on the records as the right-out winner of the race.

Parenthesis, in view of the St. Leger, was not absolutely wound up, and it would have been madness as well as lacking in humanity to have subjected the horse to another severe ordeal, especially in such tropical conditions. Moreover, Fred Darling, who was acting as Lord Woolavington's authorised agent, would have been extremely foolish to have played into the hands of the enemy. Parenthesis might have shattered his St. Leger chance,

and assuredly in such an event the cause of Lord Derby's St. Leger candidate, Singapore, would have been improved. Lord Glanely, I need hardly say, was acting within the rules of racing in insisting on a run-off. Not many dead-heats are run off in these days. There is no need for anything of the kind now that betting is settled by the original result. In any case, deciders have generally been associated with selling handicaps and not with high-class racing.

I must not conclude this week without some last reference to the St. Leger. The horses I like best are Parenthesis, Singapore and Rameses the Second. I hesitate a lot about Diolite because I am not satisfied he will stay. A Lambourn trainer, who does not train the horse but has seen something of him, says I am wrong to leave him out. We shall see. Ruston Pasha has been coughing, and you never can tell whether it will leave after effects. In any case, I am also doubtful about his stamina. Most regrettably The Scout II, who had an undeniable chance, broke down when galloped last week end. Singapore will need to be at least 2st. in front of British Sailor to be sure of beating Parenthesis. Rameses The Second has made steady progress all the year and he may be the chief danger to Parenthesis.

PHILIPPOS.



W. A. Rouch.

FOUR COURSE, WINNER OF THE GIMCRACK STAKES.

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CORRESPONDENCE

"PARTRIDGE SHOOTING BEGINS?"

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—In COUNTRY LIFE of August 23rd, your leading article "Partridge Shooting Begins" raises the point of hand-feeding and whether summer and early autumn feeding should be done in preference to winter? It is not clear whether this is suggested to apply to all types of land, or only to partridge shoots, where the land is now wholly grassland or nearly so. On this type of land, where heavy stocks of birds are desired, it is undoubtedly necessary to feed heavily and practically continuously all the year round, partly to maintain the stock one possesses, partly to prevent those birds on the outside edges from drawing off out on to arable within reach and possibly to attract more birds in on to the area fed; in a case like this to get the best results it is a whole-time affair on the part of the keepers, and a liberal supply of small corn and seeds allowed—not just a game bagful scattered if value for outlay is to be reaped. Yet many grudge it to the partridge while allowing lavish feed for pheasants.

It must be remembered that the newly-hatched birds require insects and seeds—not corn—so summer feeding for perhaps five to six weeks after hatching would not appear to be an essential factor.

Mr. C. Alington—whose books on partridges and driving are so well known—has found best results to follow from feeding in winter if snow has fallen, especially where it freezes and does not allow of scratching; again just before nesting time, which ensures the acme of virility, and feeding well for three weeks before the driving is to take place, when the stock is palpably at its very maximum and by feeding them in root fields from which driving will take place, encourages the birds to haunt there. One very keen man—now dead—used to arrange with the farmers to sow a ten yard wide strip of corn across the middle of a root field in place of roots, and the results were excellent.

Many hold the view that the hand-feeding where arable land exists may in time tend to make the partridge too much dependent on man for its food and no longer be a hardy searcher of natural food, which would be a great pity. However, one has to remember that on estates where heavy bags driving are made the stock is intensive and greater than in the days mentioned of our ancestors, and therefore additional help is essential, remembering, too, that, nowadays, owing to increase of small holdings and privately owned fields, there is a constant drain on the stock of the larger shoot and nothing coming in from outside. Hand feeding, therefore, becomes an important factor from a self-protection point as well as from the one of benefit to the birds, but perhaps not so important from June 20th to the end of July-August? M. PORTAL.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Steady feeding is essential if partridge stock is to be kept up, but a good deal of labour can be saved if odd corners and headlands are broadcast with barley which is left for the birds. A few bushels set out by the keeper in this way whenever the farming operations give him a suitable opportunity make an enormous difference to the attractiveness of the fields so far as partridges are concerned. A shallow pit whence gravel has been dug in the past was simply scratched with a cultivator and barley was hand sown. It could be depended on to provide birds down to December. Oats are less useful, as they do not stand so well. The rubbish of weed seeds and

tares screened while thrashing is in progress makes excellent winter feed for birds, always provided that it is scattered where it will not re-seed itself. Partridges are not too critical in their choice of grain, and any big corn merchant who knows that you require some cheap damaged grain can often supply you at very reasonable rates if he knows some time ahead that you are a potential purchaser. Most people do not feed long enough; a good supply should be provided down to the beginning of May and winter feeding begun by mid-November in grassland or heavy clay countries.

My experience with winter feeding of partridges has shown that its main effect is to retain birds on the land. I do not think that it brings additional stock from outside. The effect was very clearly noticeable last season, when we shot ground which had been winter fed, and obtained bags almost reaching record for the estate. An adjoining estate of similar type whose shooting we had leased had not been winter fed, and though it carried a fair breeding stock, the yield was approximately 20 per cent. less on an acreage basis.

The increase of poultry on the stubbles deprives the partridge of its natural winter store, and unless we adopt some measures for replacing it, we shall lose our birds. The point is of importance, for poultry is nowadays a very material element in the economy of general farming. The landowner who reserves his sporting rights would be justified in raising the point of a limit of the number of poultry carried on a farm when these begin to affect his sport.—OLIVER BRAND.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF GRASSLAND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Your correspondence on the improvement of grassland serves to show clearly the complexity of the problems involved, and how difficult it is to lay down any definite rule of procedure for obtaining the best results. It is not always realised that the most satisfactory treatment for grazing land is not necessarily the best for hay crops, as the needs of the two vary considerably. Generally speaking, grazing land profits most from mineral manures, which encourage the development of wild white clover and other leguminous plants, whereas nitrogenous manures are required in addition for improving the yield and quality of hay. Although the general practice is to use the same field for grazing and hay in alternate years, it is probable that better results would be obtained by keeping definite fields for each purpose and manuring accordingly year after year. By this means the type and quality of the hay could be controlled according to local requirements, as the plants encouraged by such manures as ammonium sulphate are quite different from those which respond to nitrates. This method should provide an adequate supply

of good hay, while at the same time nutritive grazing would be available on the fields receiving yearly dressings of phosphates and potash.

As Mr. Miller suggests, the question of liming is of great importance. In many cases, even where no real lime deficiency exists, a dressing of half a ton per acre of lime once every four or five years is very valuable for keeping up the yield and quality of hay crops. This, however, is not the case when nitrates have repeatedly been applied, as under these circumstances liming may actually decrease the yield. Where the land is definitely acid the herbage tends to consist of less nutritive grasses, and a ton or more of lime per acre may be needed to bring up the yield and encourage the more valuable grasses to replace the others. The actual form of lime application must be determined by local conditions, as in some cases it is more economical to utilise heavier dressings of chalk, or ground limestone, which, however, act more slowly. Much depends upon the balance between the cost of transport and the value of the improvement effected, but where this balance is at all on the right side, liming is well worth while. With regard to this, recent experiments have shown that on certain soils, as the heavy loam at Rothamsted, care is necessary in applying lime where dung or other organic manures are used, as heavy dressings of lime may prove of no benefit or may decrease the yield, whereas light dressings may be beneficial.

In conclusion, may I reply to the query raised by your correspondent Mr. Dodson? It is probable that the influence of sulphate of ammonia, applied only in alternate (hay) years, on wild white clover would depend largely upon the amount utilised. With very light dressings the clover might hold its ground, but with medium or heavy dressings repeatedly applied it is likely that the leguminous plants would gradually disappear, though more slowly than when ammonium sulphate is applied annually.—WINIFRED E. BRENCHELEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Referring once again to the improvement of grassland, I think that Mr. Miller is certainly following a wise plan in his proposal to continue his trials with nitrogen. His experience that young stock have done remarkably well on treated pastures is in common with that of the vast majority of farmers who are realising the advantage of feeding their grass scientifically. The importance of ensuring that there is no shortage of superphosphate and potash should not, of course, be overlooked. I trust, however, that he will achieve results as satisfactory as I have obtained from generous dressing of ammoniacal nitrogen on pasture land.

Mr. Dodson asks whether it would be advisable not to supply sulphate of ammonia in the grazing year. In reply to this question I would suggest that if his experience indicates that the frequent application of that fertiliser

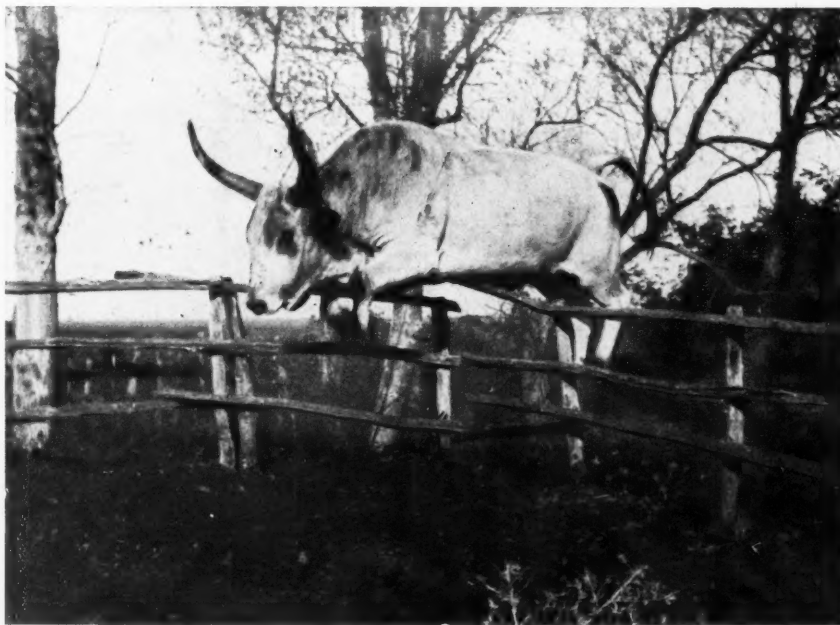
throughout the grazing season does tend to diminish his wild white clover, he should modify its application to early spring and autumn rather than to do without it entirely. I have invariably found that sulphate of ammonia more than justifies itself by the eight weeks or so of extra grazing alone which it brings about.—R. F. GEORGE.

THE JUMPING BULL.

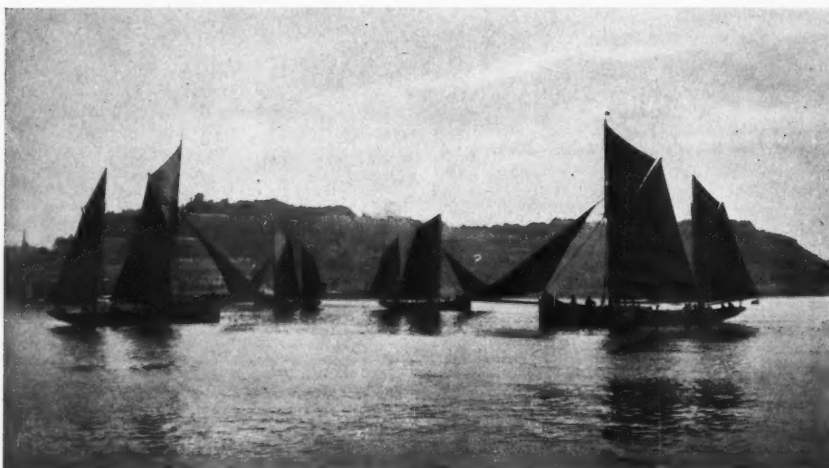
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I send you a photograph which I took lately, showing a bull jumping a fence, which I believe is a very unusual occurrence.

The scene is in the Pontine Marshes, near Terralina. You may perhaps care to publish it in COUNTRY LIFE.—LUIGI VILLARI.



A BULL'S HIGH JUMP.



THE START OF THE BRIXHAM TRAWLER RACE AT TORQUAY.

BRIXHAM TRAWLERS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may, perhaps, care to publish this photograph which I took of the start of the Brixham Trawler race at Torquay.—GLENTANAR.

SUNNINGWELL CHURCH PORCH.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—If Queen Mary could have guessed that Bishop Jewel's flight from her religious wrath would bring about such a delicious piece of building on the Bishop's return to England as the porch of Sunningwell Church, Berks, even her grim spirit must have relaxed its bitterness for an instant. A Tudor—and, therefore, a builder by instinct—must have fallen in love with such an audacious and dainty variation from the accepted order of things as they then were. Sunningwell Church, dedicated to St. Leonard, dates, according to the evidence of the chancel, from about 1240. The remainder of the church is probably Late Tudor, and may have been built by the same workmen as those who built Radley tower (1485–1509). It is a plain, rather severe-looking building. But at the west end stands this seven-sided porch, to the purist an excrescence which should never have been allowed, but to the unbiassed lover of beauty a sheer joy. Tradition ascribes it to Bishop Jewel, rector in 1551, and it is difficult to see how anyone else could have been responsible for it. This worthy man, alumnus of both Merton and Corpus colleges, was a keen controversialist, who in his later years became official champion of Anglicanism. On Mary's accession he was deprived of his Fellowship at Corpus, and in 1555, when persecution became hot, he fled to Frankfurt, that city of wonderful buildings. It is not unlikely that foreign architecture attracted such an active brain, and that on his return to England, full of enthusiasm for the spiritual and temporal help received on his wanderings, he felt inspired, as a new porch was needed for his church, to graft on to its austere exterior something expressing the sweetness of the new Continental thought. A seven-sided shape is probably unique for a porch, and we are in ignorance of its significance in the designer's thoughts. Churches at this time were found large enough for their purpose, and this addition came when church building or alteration had temporarily ceased. Possibly it was due to the small size of the church. The interior of the church has been somewhat altered from the original design. The screen, which shuts off the south transept, formerly divided chancel from nave, and had the rood screen over it. The oak pulpit is Jacobean in design, and the altar is handsome. There is an old pewter alms dish, and the chalice, given by Dr. Jones, a rector in the eighteenth century, is still used.—W. G. BARNES.

"THE DEAF ADDER."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Mr. Courtney Page's letter in your issue of June 21st, 1930, is of the greatest interest to me, because on Sunday, September 18th, 1927, I went for a walk and was gathering

heather, when I saw an adder coiled up and apparently asleep on a molehill. Having nothing with me with which to kill it, I had to go at least 300yds. before I found a stick. On



A SEVEN-SIDED PORCH.

returning to the spot I could not see the adder, but after looking about for some time I saw, to my great surprise, three adders—one coiled up on a molehill, another stretched full length on the grass with its head in a hole in the earth and swallowing what I thought would be young mice, and the third, a young one, creeping towards the sleeping adult. I watched them until one started to move away, then I struck it, and the sleeping adder immediately uncoiled itself and came towards me with her mouth wide open and raising her head about 15ins.

off the ground. Needless to say, I did not lose much time in killing them all. On returning home I told my father and brother about the adders, and they both came back with me to see them and to cut open an old one, but instead of finding mice we were amazed to find that she had swallowed six young adders; these began to creep in all directions. We killed the babies and tied them with the adults on a tree until the following Tuesday evening, when I cut open the other adult and found that she had swallowed thirteen young ones; these were all alive and active. Something, probably a magpie, took a young one off the tree on Monday afternoon, but I have the remaining twenty-one preserved in spirits of wine. The adults measured 29ins. and 30ins. respectively. The young ones varied in length from 6ins. to 8ins., but I think they have shrunk a good deal.—J. L. ROSS.

[We are greatly interested in Miss Ross's account of the two adders which were cut open and found to contain young. There is, unfortunately, in this case no direct evidence that the young were contained in the stomach or gullet and not in the womb. We would suggest that Miss Ross should look for more adders and compete for the £10 offered by Mr. Maurice Portal for the first adder sent to Dr. W. E. Collinge at the Museum, York, which on examination should be found to contain young ones in her gullet or stomach. The conditions are that the head is to be left on the adder and the body not broken open. Mr. Portal's offer remains open up to October 1st, 1930.—ED.]

A CAR PARK SUPER MARE.

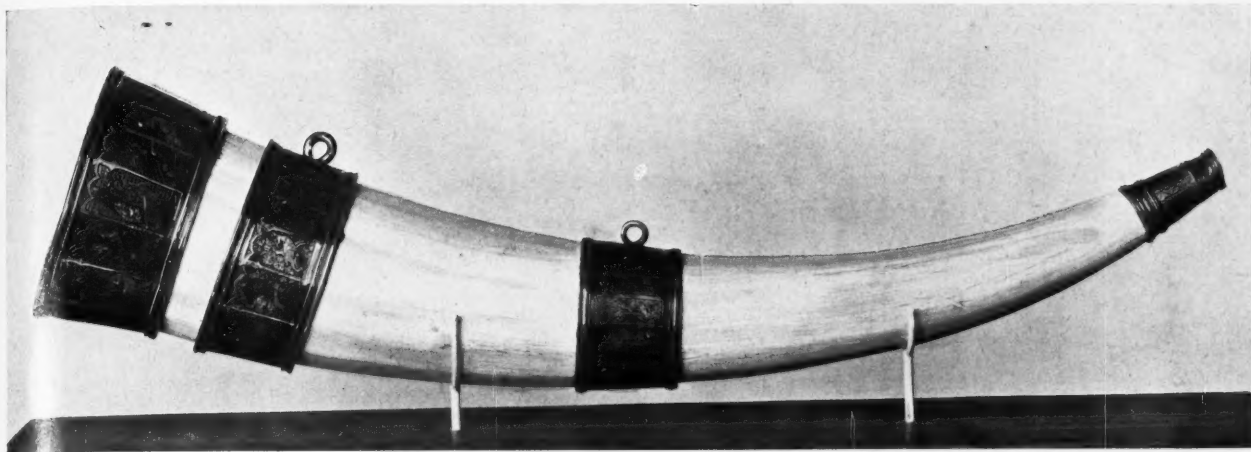
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I expect a good many of your readers will recognise the bit of coast of which I enclose a photograph. It is Camber Beach, not unfamiliar to those who play golf at Rye. Of a week-end it presents an incredible sight, for, although the dunes form an adequate barrier to the sands, an enterprising individual has constructed a "corduroy" road through a gap and, for a modest charge, lets cars into the haven where they would be. There can be no doubt that he makes a good thing out of it, but not so much can be said for the motorists. Surely, surely there cannot be much pleasure to be derived out of bathing in a car park? And it certainly makes a frightful sight. Has not the time come for a proper car park to be made on the landward side of the dunes—if only to protect the motorists themselves from losing the very delights they have come to seek? But perhaps the smell of half-burnt petrol and the roar of cars are only the modern equivalents of the smell of peppermint and the sound of nigger minstrels which have long been preferred to the sea's own scent and sound.—ALGERNON SEBRIGHT.



ON CAMBER SANDS.

DOMESTIC SILVER AT THE EXHIBITION OF ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL ART



1.—THE TENURE HORN OF SAVERNAKE FOREST.

AFTER the comprehensive exhibitions of English silver which have been held in London and Oxford during the last few years, perhaps it has come as a pleasant surprise to many visitors to the North Court of the Victoria and Albert Museum to find that they were not already acquainted with all the surviving pieces of English mediæval plate. The merit of the present exhibition, however, lies not in its copiousness nor in the number of its unfamiliar pieces, but rather in the high standard of the exhibits.

Perhaps the rarity of English mediæval silver is apt to be exaggerated, as it is often forgotten that some seventy mazer-bowls alone have survived. More regrettable than the paucity of examples is the unevenness with which they are distributed through the centuries, as an overwhelming majority date after the middle of the fifteenth century. Thus at the exhibition the output of domestic plate before 1450 is represented by some dozen objects, half of which are spoons, yet, although more favourable circumstances might have permitted the inclusion of certain outstanding pieces, it cannot be justly complained that the examples of the early period are unnecessarily few.

The absence of the "King John Cup" belonging to the Corporation of King's Lynn cannot but be regretted, but the exhibition includes at least one fine secular piece decorated with late fourteenth century translucent enamel. The Tenure Horn of Savernake Forest (Fig. 1), though strictly not a piece of domestic silver, must be nearly contemporary with the Lynn cup, and has never suffered from re-enamelling. It is an ivory hunting horn mounted with three silver bands, of which the one at the centre is an eighteenth century restoration. The other two are engraved and enamelled with a king and a bishop

enthroned, and hunting scenes. With the horn is a leather baldric having fourteen bosses, each enamelled with a coat-of-arms (or three lozenges with a tressure flory counterflory gules) which is probably a mis-rendering of those of Fitz-Randolf, Earl of Moray. Though sometimes referred to as the Bruce Horn, it only descended to the family of the Marquess of Ailesbury in 1821 from the Seymours, who had been bailiffs of Savernake since the reign of Henry II.

The earlier of the two drinking horns in the exhibition must also belong to the end of the fourteenth century, but nothing is known of its history prior to its acquisition in a rather mutilated form by Lord Lee of Fareham. The second (Fig. 2), which belongs to Christ's Hospital, is a magnificent example of late fifteenth century date engraved with the inscription, IN GOD IS AL.

Eleven mazer-bowls illustrate the varieties of one of the most popular types of mediæval drinking vessels. The earliest, of thirteenth century date, is one of the four belonging to St. Nicholas' Hospital, Harbledown, Kent. All Souls College, Oxford, provides the only complete standing mazer (Fig. 7) bearing the hall-mark for 1529-30. The maplewood bowl presented by Henry VIII in 1540 to the Barbers' Company, has been replaced in silver-gilt.

Among the humbler forms of cup two are especially worthy of mention. One is the delightfully simple little hemispherical silver-gilt bowl on a lightly decorated foot, lent by Kimpton Church, Hants; while the second is the "Wolsey Beaker" (Fig. 5), lent by Lady Louis Mountbatten. Both are of late fifteenth century date, the latter bearing the hall-mark for 1496-97. Various opinions have been expressed on the vertical ribs on the side of the beaker, resembling those on some



2.—DRINKING HORN FROM CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. Circa 1490.

3.—FONT-SHAPED CUP, *circa* 1481.

4.—PARCEL-GILT TAZZA, 1532.

mediæval mortars, but none that will carry instantaneous conviction.

The series of "font-shaped" cups is particularly important and contains two pieces which have not appeared at an exhibition for a considerable time. The earliest is the magnificent example (Fig. 3) with the hall-mark for 1481-82, lent by Mr. L. H. Wilson, and formerly in the Dunn-Gardner Collection. Around its lip it bears the grace, + BENEDICTVS . DEVS . IM . DONA . SVIS, which, if not strictly literate, is more hospitable than the + NOLI . INEBRIARI . VINO . IN . QVO . EST . LVXVRIA found on the latten cup of similar form in a neighbouring case.

Of the four salts in the exhibition only one is of a type which may be supposed to have been in daily use in a prosperous household in early Tudor times. This is one of a pair (Fig. 6) belonging to the Ironmongers' Company and bearing the hall-mark for 1518-19. It is of

5.—THE "WOLSEY BEAKER."
Tudor silver cup, 1496-97.

hour-glass shape with gilt top and bottom. The beauty of its proportions contrasts markedly with the magnificent but overloaded appearance of the salt presented in about 1490 to New College, Oxford.

Three more pieces of unusual interest have seldom been exhibited before. These are the pair of gilt tazzas from Rochester Cathedral, of the years 1528-31, and the parcel-gilt example (Fig. 4) from Arlington Church, Devon, of the year 1532. They resemble each other closely, though one of the Rochester tazzas has been fitted with a cover made for it by a different goldsmith a year later. All are inscribed with texts in the same type of lettering, and have bowls with a curious decoration of circles which appear first in the interior of Mr. Wilson's cup. After an examination of these products of the last years of Gothic, it is difficult to accept the theory that a Renaissance was needed to revitalise English art. C. C. OMAN.



6.—SALT FROM THE IRONMONGERS' COMPANY, 1518.



7.—STANDING MAZER FROM ALL SOULS' COLLEGE, 1529.

THE SOUTHPORT SHOW

THE annual Flower Show organised by the county borough of Southport has already firmly established itself in the list of notable events in the gardening year, and the seventh exhibition, which was held in Southport last week, has further enhanced its acknowledged position as the leading summer flower show in the country. It may be regarded as the Chelsea of the north, and although this gigantic exhibition exceeds even Chelsea in magnitude, and in many respects in the beauty and variety of the exhibits, it cannot be truly compared with the Royal Horticultural Society's Spring Show. Coming in the height of the summer season, it has the vast wealth of summer flowers, fruit and vegetables to call upon, and in many ways is in a more favourable position to stage a more rich and varied display. Unlike Chelsea, it is both a show for the nurseryman as well as for the amateur, and the introduction of competitive amateur and trade exhibits gives an added interest to the Show. Despite a trying summer which has taxed the resources and the patience of all gardeners to the utmost, this year's Show will go down to horticultural history as the greatest and most spectacular display which Southport has yet achieved. The National Dahlia Society held a provincial show in conjunction with the Exhibition, and a special display of sweet peas was also held, both of which added considerably to the beauty and general interest of the exhibition.

Of the magnificent floral pageant staged by the leading nurserymen it is impossible to speak too highly. Seldom have finer collections of border plants, dahlias, gladioli, roses and shrubs been staged at any summer exhibition. To the uninitiated, it revealed the enormous wealth of material which the summer garden has to offer and what variety lies at the disposal of the garden owner for the painting of his beds and borders in brilliant colours, the filling of the shrubbery or the decoration of the rock and water garden. In the floral groups the displays of gladioli reflected the rapid development and improvement which this flower has undergone at the hands of various growers during the last twenty years, while the collections of dahlias afforded ample evidence of the remarkable changes which have been wrought in this Mexican plant, not only with regard to its floral character, growth, habit and range of colourings, but also its method of cultivation. A few years ago, an exhibit of dahlias,



THE ROCK AND WATER GARDEN CONSTRUCTED BY MESSRS. HODSONS.

in full flower in late August, raised from seed sown in March, would have been considered an impossible feat, but such a method of culture is now likely to become the recognised method of growing the dahlia, unless particular varieties are desired for special colour displays. The exhibit of dwarf hybrids shown by Messrs. Unwins was evidence of the success of the method, and also that their new race of dwarf hybrids comes true from seed as regards habit and offers a fine range of attractive shades.

Among the exhibits of gladioli the magnificent collection, embracing some forty varieties, staged by Messrs. Unwins was the most outstanding. Almost every leading variety in commerce was represented, and each of splendid quality. Messrs. Kelways had a choice group in which they included many varieties of their own raising, including such fine things as Tapestry, Rich and Rare, Golden Measure and several of their attractive Langprim hybrids. Another fine group was shown by Messrs. Bath and Co., and Messrs. Geo. Mair showed an excellent group of their admirable large-flowered varieties, all of their

own raising, and a strain which combines grace of habit and richness and delicacy of colouring with stamina. Gladioli were also a strong feature of the mixed collections shown by Messrs. Webbs and Messrs. Toogoods. In the former display a number of varieties were shown in perfect condition, reinforced by groups of hardy border flowers and drifts of annuals which occupied the foreground of this well arranged exhibit. Messrs. Dobbie and Co. also had a group of choice large-flowered varieties in their comprehensive gold-medal exhibit, which included dahlias and roses; while in the competitive classes Messrs. Bees were placed first with an admirable and well arranged group.

The exhibits of stove and greenhouse plants were again one of the most outstanding features of the Exhibition and provided keen competition among the exhibitors. All the exhibits were of a remarkably high standard, and the foliage plants, particularly the crotons, were shown in perfect condition. Messrs. James Cypher gained the first place in each class for their admirable collections, while Sir George Kendrick and Mr. W. Manning were placed second in the classes for foliage plants in and out of bloom and ornamental foliage plants not in bloom, respectively. Messrs. John Peed had an attractive group of foliage plants and



MESSRS. CARTERS' GROUP OF GREENHOUSE FLOWERS.



A SECTION OF MESSRS. UNWINS' EXHIBIT OF GLADIOLI.

lilies; and Messrs. L. R. Russell staged a most interesting collection of economic and medicinal plants.

Herbaceous flowers were well represented, and in the competitive classes some magnificent groups were staged, as remarkable for their quality as for their variety. Messrs. Bees and Messrs. M. Prichard both gained first prizes for their collections, which included some fine blooms of kniphofias, lilies and many other hardy flowers representative of the August border. Among the non-competitive exhibits, Messrs. Bakers had a large range of border flowers, and also many late flowering and fruiting shrubs. Delphiniums were represented by two fine groups from Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon and Messrs. Hewitts, who had such varieties as Hewitts' Superb, Lady Augusta, Rose Marie, Afghan Queen (a good blue), Mrs. Paul Nelke and Ruffled Beauty. Phloxes were the feature of the exhibits shown by Messrs. Fairbairn, who had many good varieties of their own raising; Messrs. Wells; Messrs. Woods and Messrs. H. J. Jones.

There were several fine collections of shrubs, those arranged by Messrs. Donard Nursery, who showed well flowered specimens of *Eucryphia pinnatifolia* and *Hoheria sextylosa*; Mr. T. Smith, who had a large variety of interesting and rare plants suitable for woodland planting; and Messrs. Wallace, who included a wide range of conifers, ornamental vines and acers in a well arranged border display outside.

Carnations, represented by two magnificent displays arranged by Messrs. C. Engelmann and Messrs. Allwoods; roses from Messrs. McGredy, Messrs. A. Dickson, Messrs. Dobbie and Mr. Thos. Robinson; chrysanthemums from Messrs. Woolman and Messrs. Keith Luxford; orchids from Messrs. Sanders and Messrs. Charlesworth; begonias in superb condition and admirably arranged, from Messrs. Blackmore and Langdon; montbretias, in great variety, attractively shown by Messrs. Barrs, who have a splendid strain, remarkable for its range and brilliance of colouring, were among the other notable groups. A well arranged display, consisting of a centrepiece of *Lilium tigrinum* surrounded by blocks of celosias of excellent quality, gloxinias and streptocarpus, was shown by Messrs. Carters; and Messrs. Suttons combined flowers and vegetables in a rather novel arrangement showing gladioli, larkspurs and asters in bowls and baskets and the vegetables on circular tables.

One of the most interesting as well as one of the most attractive plant groups was the admirable collection of aquatic and waterside plants staged by Messrs. A. Perry. The exhibit, cleverly arranged by Mr. G. Perry, consisted of three pools, each with their furnishing of water lilies and the banks skilfully planted with a large variety of ornamental waterside plants. Water lilies were also shown by Messrs. L. R. Russell, along with clematis.

The Hon. Vicary Gibbs and his gardener, Mr. Edwin Beckett, achieved the unique distinction of winning for the second year in succession the challenge trophy awarded for the most meritorious non-competitive exhibit in the Show, with a superb display of vegetables which, as regards quality and variety, left nothing to be desired. In the competitive vegetable classes, Lord Leconfield repeated his success of last year by winning the trophy for a display of vegetables with a group which was remarkable for its artistic arrangement as well as for its quality and variety. In the open class for twelve distinct kinds there was keen competition, the first prize being awarded to Messrs. John Jones and Sons; while Lord Riddell gained fourth place with a collection of outstanding quality. In the fruit classes, the principal honours went to Scottish gardens, the challenge trophy for the best decorated table of fruit being won by the Marchioness of Tweeddale with a magnificent collection of dishes, and the trophy for the best twelve bunches of grapes being awarded to the Earl of Strathmore, with

a collection which included excellent bunches of Black Hamburgh. The rock and formal gardens were all well executed, and showed the value of the correct use of rock and water and restrained planting. Messrs. T. Hayes gained first place with a most attractive garden which revealed good taste both in planting and design; while other good examples were those of Messrs. Bakers, who used Cheddar stone with distinct skill; and Messrs. Pulham. The rock and water garden constructed by Messrs. Hodsons was more ambitious in style, but was remarkably well conceived and showed considerable skill in the use of Westmorland limestone and in the arrangement of the plant furnishing. G. C. T.



THE MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF HERBACEOUS FLOWERS SHOWN BY MESSRS. BEES.



MESSRS. A. PERRY'S ATTRACTIVE EXHIBIT OF AQUATIC AND WATERSIDE PLANTS.



THE INTERESTING COLLECTION OF SHRUBS SHOWN BY MR. T. SMITH.